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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Italy's splendid success has been well maintained during the week in spite of the stubborn resistance of Austria. The immense tale of prisoners has been increased, and the losses of the enemy are regarded as heavier than in any battle in the war. All along the Italian lines steady advance is being made and positions won by brilliant victories are being consolidated against frequent and futile counter-attacks. The commanding hill on Mount Vodice has been secured and retained, and the Italians are sweeping down the south-eastern slope of the hill. East of Gorizia the story is the same, and there has been notable advance in the Southern Carso front, where, it is interesting to know, British monitors are helping to harass the enemy. Great work has been done during the week round Jamiano and Hermada, and the Italian rush, hazardous as it might have seemed, has led throughout to a solid and systematic gain of ground.

It is a strange fact, to us quite inexplicable, that though the war will soon be three years old, great numbers of people still expect a swift decision from every offensive, and fall back in a fainting condition, or in a despairing one at least, if it does not occur! Thus our friends in the Dutch Press seem to take a general view that the offensive on the Western front has failed and the prospect of a decision once again grown remote. But the British and French offensive last year on the Somme did not start till June, and to say that it "failed" would be quite wrong, of course. It succeeded, as reasonable people now admit. The error is perhaps to be attributed to the extraordinary idea that war to-day is, or ought to be, much as it was when the Battle of Hastings or the Battle of Cannæ was fought. This idea might not have been so strange before August 1914, but after the Marne, the Aisne, Verdun, the Somme, and other contests, it really is inexplicable that it should still obtain so generally. We cannot perceive anything in the nature of a failure in the opening stages of the offensive of 1917. Quite

on the contrary, it has gone gloriously well so far, and there are still some five months ahead fit for campaigning. This time last year the Allies had not started on the enemy.

M. Kerensky has been visiting the Russian front and making a splendid appeal to the troops to close up against the enemy. Colonel Jakubovitch, the new Assistant Minister for War, has been aiding him in the Herculean task. He told the Congress of Delegates from the Front, who have been this week at Petrograd, that the Russian Army was quite capable of an offensive in all save the necessary sense of duty. The transport of supplies actually increased during the early days of the Revolution, then gradually fell off until complete disorganisation resulted. In the French Revolution extraordinary success almost everywhere waited on the Revolutionary armies, and the greater the chaos and struggle in Paris and elsewhere the more brilliant was the success of French arms against foreign enemies. All were for parties yet the armies were faithful to the State. If the Russian Army can be welded together through the immense exertions of M. Kerensky and his colleagues, who, we are convinced, are perfectly one-minded and burning with patriotism, the position may yet be retrieved. Vast powers for war reside in the mighty Russian people. Who can forget their campaign against the Austrians, and that their armies looked upon the plains of Hungary! We must continue to hope for a favouring turn.

The causes of the Russian revolution remain strangely baffling. For example, take the Polish Press. One newspaper in that country inclines to think that the cause has been political; another economic. This writer regards the revolution as mainly a rising against the bad bureaucracy; that writer seems to hold that the people rose simply because the reigning family was disloyal and in secret sympathy with Germany. We daresay there are still people who attribute it all to the scoundrel Rasputin!

Is not Rasputin the Diamond Necklace of this revolution?

We cannot profess to know anything whatever from inner sources of information or through intimacy with the position in Russia. But we have a strong instinct that a root cause of the Russian revolution has been *want of bread*, dire distress for which, no doubt, the régime that has passed away, weak and corrupt and terribly inefficient, was greatly to blame. We are greatly mistaken if this is not even mainly a hunger revolution. But of course we are aware that this is not the popular impression in this country. How can it be? Many people are so busy proving that Germany and Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, are devouring their last seagull and cat that naturally they would spoil their own case by admitting that unsatisfied appetites exist elsewhere. Nevertheless, we believe that hunger, extreme poverty, has been a main motive of the Russian revolution and that it was this which swept away the weak reigning family. If this is so, English people should beware of offering the vast Russian peasantry and poor the sympathy of empty phrases. To cram a hungry man with clichés about the Blessings of Democracy is just about as kind as Marie Antoinette's (alleged) suggestion of cake instead of bread for the people. I asked for bread and ye gave me a stone.

The absence of bitterness in the Russian Press in reference to the ex-Tsar and his family is a fine thing. There is no heaping vulgar abuse on the fallen, at least so far as we have noticed. Vulgarities are not in the composition of the Russian as it is in some of us progressive, get-on-or-get-out nations. Vulgarities wait on push and "progress". May we hope that in the revolutions that may be coming in various countries within the next few years the revolutionists will take a lesson from the Russians in how not to spite the fallen? From the "Russkoye Slovo" we may quote this little account of the exiles, as it does not seem to have been given in the Press here so far: "They occupy [at the Alexander Palace at Tsarkoye Selo] the upper floor of the palace, but different apartments, the Minister of Justice having ordered that the Tsar and Tsaritsa should not meet one another. It was on this condition that the Tsaritsa had been allowed to stay with her children, who were ill. Daily life in the palace begins rather late. The prisoners arise between 9 and 10 o'clock. They are given tea, and the ex-Tsar sends out a soldier to get some papers, usually the 'Rech' and the 'Birzhevyya Vedomosti'. The 'Russkoye Slovo' he gets daily from Moscow, the wrapper being addressed to Nikolai Alexandrovitch Romanov. At 1 o'clock luncheon is served, usually consisting of green vegetables, potatoes, and sweets. After luncheon the ex-Emperor, escorted by an orderly officer, takes a walk in the garden. Sometimes he has two walks a day, and usually goes about in military uniform. At 8 o'clock there is dinner, consisting in the Lent week referred to of four courses, including fish. Usually, half a bottle of red wine is placed on the table, but nobody touches it, and the bottle travels back to the cellar unopened. The dinner is charged at 4 roubles 50 kopecks per person."

With them is the Grand Duke Alexis, who, however, "being ill, has his meals in bed, and usually chooses his own dishes. Twice a day the entire family gathers in the church, but here, too, the Tsar is separated from his wife. The Tsaritsa comes down from the staircase, and is taken to the church in an invalid chair. She takes her place behind a screen and kneels down in devout prayer. At 11 o'clock at night tea is served, and at 1 o'clock everybody goes to bed. The ex-Tsar gives the impression of a man totally indifferent to his fate; at least, he shows no signs of uneasiness or agitation. The Tsaritsa is exceedingly reserved. With a cold and impassive face and tightly closed lips she resembles a marble statue. . . . The whole day the Tsaritsa and her daughters are busily

sewing underclothing for wounded soldiers. The correspondence of the Tsar and Tsaritsa is strictly controlled, and even their interviews with members of the former entourage, who are interned in the same palace, take place in the presence of warders. Alexis is always in the company of his favourite manservant and a French tutor. The Tsaritsa is in a sort of religious trance. She has a mass of religious literature, such as the devotional booklets of John of Kronstadt. Her correspondence is also generally of a religious character, being carried on for the most part on postcards with religious pictures". Carlyle would have spent years to get material such as this for his story of Louis and Marie Antoinette. The wrapper addressed to N. A. Romanov and the half bottle travelling backwards and forwards from the cellar, what treasure trove they would have been to him! But it is doubtful whether the personal side of revolutions will be worth reading in the future. There will be such a glut of printed matter about them, all sense of reserve and mystery quite vanished.

A printed report that a member of the British Government is to be at the Stockholm Congress went round London on Thursday evening. As we have to go to Press earlier in these embarrassing days—earlier in the week, but, alas! much later in the night—we have not the chance to verify the statement. We do not believe it, however.

The Austrian Reichsrath met this week. As we suggested in our last issue, it is a mistake to build in this country enchanted palaces of bogus "optimism" out of odds and ends and tagrags of rumour about disputes between Hungarian, Austrian, Czech, Slavene, Slovene, and Croat. To found extravagant hopes of a speedy collapse of the Hapsburgs out of these sundry snippets is not good. There seem to be people who live in a whirl of expectation that almost at once the heads of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern will meet in the sack, like Camille Desmoulins and Danton's. A better plan is to live in patient trust that the Allied Armies will in the end defeat Hapsburg and Hohenzollern decisively. As to this Austrian domestic affair, of which we have heard so much, it seems that the Austrian Lower House is in favour of continuing the war. We quite believe this is Austria's attitude on the whole.

Those people who continue to dethrone the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs by word of mouth and to cut up and divide Germany in the composing room are making, we fear, the mistake of their lives. They have not a true notion of the strength and resolution of this stiff-necked German nation which has abandoned all moral scruples, to say nothing of Christian ethics. They do not recognise the unity and the overweening confidence of the German people and that it cannot be overthrown by talk. More than two years ago Mr. Lloyd George made a wise and warning speech about the "potato-bread spirit" of the German people. What he said then holds perfectly true now. Since those days the Germans have had great military successes in Polish Russia and in Roumania. They have obtained a complete hold of the Austrian Army and saved it from demoralisation and destruction. They have still the major portion of their fleet in being, and they are scoring heavily by their submarine campaign. Moreover, they have somehow contrived to live quite a year and a half of undoubted privation in regard not only to food but also various commodities without which any great nation must suffer incessant vexation, to say the least.

Finally, the Germans are to-day in the full clash of a mighty combat with the new British Army, an Army which, they know quite well, is led by a consummate professional soldier—perhaps the most exact master of war in all its intensely complicated modern branches we have ever had in this country—and is

inspired by an extraordinary, good-humoured, wrestling, fighting, suffering spirit. The formidable character of this new immense British Army which the Germans are opposing is well understood by those who know the battle fronts and have come to learn both what the soldiers think of the leader and what the leader thinks of the soldiers—a singular and complete confidence existing indeed between them.

Is it surprising, then, that the Germans, with their experiences during the last two years of war, and with the proud consciousness that to-day they are locked in a not wholly one-sided contest with this superb new British Army, should be "a stiff proposition"? Strength, resolution, endurance are begotten of trial, opposition, suffering, never of easy circumstances, of security, of a full belly and purse. That is a truism in Nature and in the growth of mankind. Germany's trials, sufferings, dangers make her the puissant, savage enemy she is to-day; whereas those among our own easy-going prophets and so-called "optimists"—though we disallow that they are real optimists—who are so fond of killing the enemy by word of mouth or in print, seem to think that these things make for her speedy downfall, a strange delusion.

The latest aerial attack on England, which took place on Friday of last week in the South-East, had distressing results in casualties, the heaviest list in fact yet recorded. Seventy-six people were killed and 174 injured. The raid was carried out by 16 or 17 aeroplanes, and in daylight. Three of them were shot down by our Naval Air Service machines over the North Sea on their way back.

Folkestone is now identified as the chief sufferer, and was, it appears, not warned of the approach of the enemy; but in the absence of details as to the attack and defence in this country it is really futile to criticise our airmen. The point to remember is that we have emphasised in recording former attacks by Zeppelins. This latest raid had no military object, or at any rate did no military damage, and, painful as its results are, we cannot afford to forestall them at the expense of the Army, which makes an incessant demand on our air service. Welcome assistance in this line is announced from the United States. Arrangements have been made for the construction of 3,500 war aeroplanes this year and for the training of 6,000 aviators within the same period.

Mr. Henderson has undertaken an important Government mission to Russia. Mr. Barnes, in his absence, is taking his place as a member of the War Cabinet without portfolio. At present it is uncertain whether the latter will give up his position as Pensions Minister. We hope this will not be necessary, for Mr. Barnes has shown a generous and human spirit in interpreting rules and regulations which shows his fitness for his position.

The War Pensions Statutory Committee have explained in a letter to the Prime Minister their view that the functions shared between them and the Minister of Pensions would in future be best carried out by him alone. Their relations with him are very cordial, but they consider that there should be individual responsibility and only one central authority, to whom the local committees should look for guidance and control. The Committee will therefore relinquish their functions as soon as their retirement can be managed without any hardship to those who come under their regulations. This decision is satisfactory. It recognises the force of the principles which we urged some months since, when Mr. Henderson was bringing his scheme for pensions before Parliament.

Mr. Kennedy Jones, in his recent speech at Edinburgh dealing with beer and bread and in a letter to a correspondent who raised some points concerning it, has done useful work in reducing the incorrect and exaggerated

statements of the opponents of any beer. He does not see why those who do not like beer and have no incentive to drink it should force their views on men who require it to enable them to continue at their most important work. He points out that it is grossly misleading to talk of hundreds of thousands of tons of sugar being used to convert malt into beer. Brewers' sugar is not fit for human consumption. Further, if the stocks of malted barley in existence were used for bread, only 5 per cent. of them could be used for malt flour and the making of bread. Increased supplies of beer of a lighter quality are likely to be arranged by the Board of Liquor Control.

Feeling about the undue profits made out of food-stuffs is increasing daily. It is not a case always of small supply and big demand. "The extraordinary thing about the high meat prices", says the "Times" of Tuesday last, "is that there is no real scarcity of supplies". As it is, the public can only abuse the seller with whom they deal, and know nothing of operations further back. The real culprits have a way of escaping notice when they pocket their handsome profits. The Food Controller will have to extend his vigilance effectually, or the trouble will become a very serious matter. In these times of stress many workers are ill-fed enough as it is, and we see no reason why they should tolerate prices more inflated than they need be.

Lord Devonport has a difficult place as Food Controller, and has been hampered by bad health. Criticism of his dealings with a mass of complicated problems and the strongholds of private interests is easy; but he has at least laid the sound foundations of a practical policy and has shown a courage and judgment for which all officials are not conspicuous. The Controller must control, however unpleasant it may be to do so; he must put the needs of the country above everything else; and he should take pains to put his orders plainly and clearly before the public. Such an official is not easily discovered, but a strong man should be able to cope with the situation. When the public once knows that a man is doing his best to tackle his urgent business without fear or favour, the public will be quite ready to do what it is told. To exterminate corruption straight off is, as Junius said long since, a hopeless business, and the same may be said of extortion. But public opinion can do much to modify and reduce the practices of the greedy and the profiteer, more, perhaps, than the law which has been applied to several of them. On Thursday the appointment of a new Board was announced which will control the stocks of manufactured and unmanufactured tobacco and regulate the prices at which it may be sold. Shortly also a new scheme will come into operation which is designed to regulate the wholesale and retail prices of tea. The existing arrangement has not proved satisfactory in its result on prices. We welcome these signs of an increasing endeavour to cope with the problems which Mr. Will Thorne has been discussing with the King.

We continue to receive letters on manipulative surgery, but do not propose to continue this correspondence. Nor do we think it would be a wise step to give commissions to manipulative surgeons or to any others who have not passed the regular medical examination. On the contrary, we think it would be a distinctly bad thing, and we hope the War Office will not allow itself to be hustled into any rash novelty of the kind. Faith healers and herbalists in khaki would be the next step, and then we should have to give commissions to people who think to cure cancer with a plaster. We take it that so long as Sir Alfred Keogh holds office no step of the kind will be taken, despite the pressure which is being brought to bear on him by many people.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE SUPERB RECORD OF ITALY.

EVERYONE who wishes to see Germany beaten and brought to submission must rejoice without reserve at the glorious success of Italian arms during the past ten days. After the British and French offensives it was Italy's turn; and nobly has she risen to the occasion. The record of Italy has been exceptionally good throughout this war, good from the moral, the intellectual, and from the military point of view; and we have not the least doubt that she will come out of the struggle one of the greatest and most respected of all World Powers.

To take first what we may call her conduct from the ethical or moral point of view. We must always remember that at the start of the war Italy was most awkwardly, even cruelly, placed. She was a member of the Triple Alliance, and her ties could not altogether be regarded as a dead letter in 1914. By this alliance she was necessarily entangled with Germany, and, besides, her trade and financial relations with that country were intimate and valuable. The German moved beneath the surface of things in large parts of Italy no less than he did in England. Moreover, Italy had in power at the start of the war a Government tinged with a pro-German element, guided by an extraordinarily astute manager of men and parties—an "old Parliamentary hand" if ever there were one, a balancer among balancers. By going in with the Central Powers in 1914 or 1915 Italy, it is certain, could have secured pledges quite as ample as any the Entente could make her; and as Germany, on the whole, was greatly in the ascendant in 1914 and 1915, it may well have seemed "better business" to go in with the Central Powers than with the Entente. We know what Bulgaria decided in a like position. In fact, there were some astute Italians who doubtless desired this course, whilst there were many others who insisted that at least she should remain neutral—stand by and get what she could out of the war when the others were spent. The narrow view of self-interest and the obligation or tradition at least of the Triple Alliance urged that Italy should stand out altogether if she did not go in with the Central Powers. But Italy swept aside all such mean calculations and entanglements, and, despite the fact that her treasures had been heavily drawn on lately by the war in Tripoli, she boldly went in on the side of the Entente at the close of May two years ago.

It was an heroic resolve, which must put her for ever in the forefront of nations who have struck for right and justice regardless of the peril to themselves.

We say, "Bravo, Italy!" when we recall that grand decision of hers in May 1915. And Italians, we are sure, will understand it is no fulsome compliment we pay them in duty bound. There is a real and fervent enthusiasm over Italy's war record among her friends and admirers in this country. Those who feel about Italy here have not chosen to profess very loudly and often; yet they feel deeply:

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy'".

Then, intellectually, we know of no country better worth following to-day than Italy. We have not hidden our view that she has long been the most reasoning, cool-headed, safest authority and adviser in many matters relating to the Balkans. The Balkan question, scorned of the ignoramus and deadhead

because of its complexity, is one of extraordinary charm and interest. Because we are bound to concentrate on the Western Front and reach a decision there it does not follow that the Balkans are not important, and Italy's attention to them is invaluable. People now see Italy, too, has been, on the whole, sound 'about Greece, though we shall not go into that question now. Nor can we resist the strong feeling that had the Entente adopted Italian views in this matter from the outset it would have saved men and saved money and saved prestige. The Entente has not done strikingly well in those regions, but for that we must not blame Italy.

Italy then, if we examine her record, comes out of the struggle well on the intellectual as on the moral side. And to-day what a magnificent military feat is hers! Fighting against some of the most difficult country for an offensive in Europe, and against the picked divisions of a proud old army which we all fell into the careless habit of belittling in the earlier phases of the war, the Italians have made amazing progress towards Trieste. To-day they stand on the slopes of Hermada and menace the arms of the Central Powers on the Adriatic. The Austrians claim to have taken many prisoners, and we shall not question that the Army of General Cadorna has steeled itself to sacrifices.

But it has made a wonderful advance and is threatening the enemy in a most vital spot. Trieste is within ten miles, and beyond lies the great naval port of Pola! A glance at the country in which this has been done is enough to assure one that when Angelo started with his dagger to engage Weisspriess, the first swordsman of "the old army", he had scarcely a more desperate task than Italy when she hurled herself against Austria among these strongholds. More valour and more skill have not been seen since the war began. We owe homage and gladly pay it to this great Ally. The Adriatic has been a calamitous sea for the Allied cause, but now there is an earnest of Italy coming by her own, and the clouds begin to lift. We all know her goal and her just and inevitable claims. They were set forth in her demands to Austria so far back as December 1914, when she insisted that the cowardly and brutal invasion of gallant Serbia came under the operation of the seventh Article of the Triple Alliance, and they have been restated clearly enough lately in General Cadorna's official circular to his troops. They are based on no petty greed for "acquisitions". They include, no doubt, strategical positions, which, as Mr. Asquith has implied in speaking of the war generally, cannot be overlooked. These are supremely essential if we are to have peace in the future. We have not the least fear that Italy in her hour of triumph which is certainly coming, and in the Risorgimento that must crown it, will prove ungenerous towards any Ally of this country, including Serbia. All will be well whilst Italian arms prevail and when the resettlement of the Adriatic is effected.

OUR NAVAL STRATEGY.

THERE has been much debate recently on the root principles of naval war. The immediate cause was Mr. Winston Churchill's statement that, without a battle, we were enjoying practically all the advantages that victory would give us. Mr. Churchill is always as ready to launch a hasty generalisation as Lord John Russell was to command the Channel fleet, but in this case he did good service, as his remark has led to a fruitful discussion. It is a foolish error to scorn as

mere "paper men" those who try to think out and formulate the ideas that should govern the conduct of war. The theories and principles that are in the ascendant at the Admiralty mould the instructions which are given to the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, and the spirit of these instructions must affect the whole character of the naval campaign. If the theory were held that the mere existence of a superior fleet is in effect as valuable as the destruction of the enemy, it is clear that the Admiralty's instruction would lay chief stress on the maintenance intact of the superior fleet, and no risks would be run that would endanger material superiority. Thus theory would become at once of vital practical importance. But the discussion has shown that Mr. Churchill's hasty statement is not accepted by any responsible naval authorities. The reaction against it has been more violent in some quarters than in others, but all are agreed that immense advantages, which we do not enjoy to-day, would flow from a decisive defeat of the enemy. At the head of the opposition to the unorthodox doctrine, which was discovered at the base of Mr. Churchill's phrase, is a distinguished Admiral, Sir Reginald Custance, and he has gone so far as to imply that our strategy in the North Sea has been weak, and that our trust in blockade, and in attacks on the enemy's communications, has been misplaced. But let us consider the problem a little more closely.

Agreeing, as we all do, that the supreme aim of naval war is the destruction of the enemy's fleet we have to remember that sea-battles always have been rare incidents in the course of long wars. How many grand actions were there between 1793 and 1815? The weaker fleet naturally evades action as long as possible, and our present enemy enjoys special natural and mechanical advantages in this respect. Mines, submarines, and a strongly fortified coast make anything like a close blockade impossible, at any rate so long as the main fleet of the enemy is undefeated. None the less it is vital to remember that blockade, and attack on communications, are essentially the first step in the strategic offensive which aims finally at destroying the enemy's main force. Nelson, the ideal of the offensive school, spent most of his active service in blockade. Admiral Henderson has shown that it is a misapprehension to suppose that the blockade and communication theory is inconsistent with the victory theory; he has shown, too, that the younger officers of to-day, who are keen thinkers as well as keen sailors, only adopt the former theory as explaining the means by which alone victory can be reached. It is unnecessary to dwell on the more obvious effects of a successful blockade, but it is interesting to note that one of the clearest statements on this subject was made by that able thinker in all the aspects of war, Von der Goltz, "States which, in case of war, keep open their sea-communications have ways of using their credit quite other than have those whose ports will be immediately blockaded. The former will, moreover, be able to have recourse to foreign industries for the armament and equipment of new armies." As an example of the latter he instances the armies raised by Gambetta in the last stage of the Franco-Prussian war, but how well Von der Goltz foresaw what has actually happened in the present contest as a result of the Grand Fleet's blockade, and how his assumption that neutrals would certainly provide loans and munitions to the Power whose ports were free to them refutes the German plea that America acted in an un-neutral manner! But the true importance of blockade in offensive strategy is that, by the pressure it exercises and the trade-loss it inflicts, it may compel the weaker fleet to abandon the safety of its ports and thus give the larger fleet the chance of victory. We have seen the various stages of the campaign in the present war. For nearly two years the German Navy bore the pressure, and attempted to relieve it by occasional sallies. Then they incurred much greater risk by bringing out practically their whole fleet at Jutland. Partly, perhaps, the sallies and raids and the greater enterprise a year ago were undertaken to reassure political opinion, but mainly they were due to the pressure exercised by the Grand Fleet, and

it is clear that the strategy of blockade did force the Germans to leave their ports, and did make tactical victory possible both at Jutland and Dogger Bank. At any moment pressure may force the Germans to risk their Fleet again, or even to attempt invasion.

Where the extreme advocates of the victory theory fail to complete their case is that they lay all the stress on destroying the enemy fleet, but do not show how a weaker fleet is to be brought to action. Blockade holds the field because there is no alternative policy. No man in his senses suggests that we should try ships against forts on a bigger scale even than at Gallipoli. But blockade can be either active, scientific and complete, or merely negative, defensive and almost lethargic. It seems doubtful if the Admiralty had before the war worked out a complete theory of the blockade of Germany, particularly as to effective attack on her Baltic communications with Sweden.

No base for great ships on the English East Coast was provided, with the result that German "tip and run" raids became safer and more feasible operations than they should have been. Moreover, there have been few attempts at cutting out, few combined air and sea actions, while the Germans have been allowed to make the Belgian coast so strong that they easily defend their mine-field, which covers their destroyers. It is natural that such things should create uneasiness. They are in a different sphere from the submarine danger, because everyone recognises the novelty of that, while it is felt that all that happens in the North Sea above water is part of the problem which the Admiralty ought to have thought out before the war began.

Any uneasiness which does exist is not in the least due to any lack of faith in the Navy. Never had England complete confidence in the officers and men of her Fleet, who have again and again proved their valour and efficiency. But the recent discussion has shown a lack of confidence in the trend of ideas as to the Navy during the last ten years. It is felt that too much faith has been placed in the doctrine which is sometimes called "Materialism", and sometimes "Fisherism"—the belief that, once the big ships and big guns are provided, the chiefs of the Admiralty may sleep soundly in their beds, without troubling themselves too much as to how the ships and guns can best be used in the actual conditions of war. This "Materialism" makes people think that, as Mr. Pollen has put it, "the possession of an invincible fleet is exactly the same thing as possessing a victorious fleet," and those who hold that view must be perilously near the doctrine that the war can be won without fighting, and that if a fleet is maintained intact its Admiral has accomplished the whole duty of war. From that doctrine would follow naturally the negative and inert conduct of a blockade, or even the gravest of all dangers, the failure to take risks in order to secure complete tactical success. Admiral Custance and the victory school have done great service in making it clear that while material superiority may be enough for a Minister expounding the Estimates it does not, and cannot, satisfy a fighting fleet. Moreover, "Materialism" breeds a complacent confidence which resents inventiveness, initiative and that suggestiveness of the younger minds which ought to be encouraged in every great service. The extraordinary difference in the results of gun-fire under practice and war conditions induces the belief that the pre-war Admiralty showed the characteristic indifference of officialism to the improvements in fire-control that were offered to it. But a more general complaint is that "Materialism", being a wrong theory of war, involved a neglect of training in the art of war. Take for example the question of subordinate commands. Anyone who has studied Admiral Jellicoe's dispatch on the Jutland battle must realise that the command in battle of a great modern fleet involves an unequalled strain on the human intellect and will. The Commander-in-Chief's subordinate squadrons are distant and often out of touch, his enemy is constantly changing formation and often out of sight, he has to make

instant decisions on uncertain knowledge, and he may have to change his whole scheme at any moment of the battle. No man could carry such a responsibility unless he had entire confidence in his immediate subordinates, and no modern battle can be properly fought unless freedom of action is delegated to and accepted by the subordinate commanders. We Englishmen must always go back to Nelson, and Nelson so trained and trusted his Captains that they were a band of brothers, acting with instinctive unity and naturally adopting the same methods and pursuing the same ends. But no subordinate commander can be trusted unless he has had the chance of studying the art of war, and of mastering the problems of strategy and tactics, in the solution of which trained judgment and historical knowledge are as important as quick reason and strong will. We have secured, we hope, by the recent reform, a War Staff at the Admiralty, and we trust that in future the younger and keener officers of the service will be encouraged to study and discuss the art of war, even if they occasionally torpedo an accepted doctrine, or shake the cob-webs of a dug-out with the high explosive of new thought.

If we may venture to summarise the results of the discussion, in which so many distinguished experts have taken part, we should say that the Admiralty's strategy of blockade has been justified in theory, as it has been abundantly justified by the great results it has secured. But the true meaning of blockade and the "communications" theory has been explained by Admiral Henderson. It can only be defended and approved as the first step in the offensive strategy which aims at the complete destruction of the enemy fleet. The victory school have not shown that there is any prudent and practicable offensive other than that implied in the blockade, but they have rightly emphasised the need of spirited activity in the conduct of the blockade, and the dangers that are involved in the doctrine of "Materialism". Meantime, the Navy has done great work, and it enjoys the whole-hearted confidence of the people who owe to it so much; it has suffered disappointments, but it must continue to wait expectantly for the great day, while every chance should be given to it of subsidiary offensive operations wherever the naval guns can reach. The monitors off the Austrian coast are no bad example of what can be done.

THE DRINK QUESTION.

WE are glad Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P., speaking with the authority of his official position as Director-General of Food Economy, has put the brusque truth about total prohibition and its attempt—by clamour and whole-page newspaper advertisements—to deny a glass of beer to the working man and a tot of rum to the man in the trenches, for obviously that is what the total prohibitionists' programme comes to, though they are shy to admit it. Mr. Kennedy Jones, who has been doing good work in several directions lately, has pointed out that in effect beer is food. It is. All cannot either drink beer or think it—to recall Charles Kingsley. The writer of this article, for instance, has hardly known its taste since the days when he was sconded in college ale for being late to hall in eighty-something. He is nearly as bad at rum, a dose of which, mixed with tea, he tried to swallow at mess one day with the French troops, but signally failed. Yet because beer and rum are poison to the writer of this article—and to the total prohibitionists—it does not follow that they are not good and necessary things to other people—and, as a fact, they are good and necessary things in moderation. So is red wine food. The rank and file of the glorious French Army have their wine as regularly as they have their bread, and if we were to suggest to the French that it cost them such and such a sum every year, that the grapes took up land and labour which might otherwise be given to growing corn, they would think we were "mad English".

To forbid the working man—the man doing to-day tremendously hard hand labour in factory and shipyard and on the land—a glass of beer, to cut off the allowance of rum to the soldiers in the trenches, would be nothing if not madness. Exasperated not alone by the hardship—contrived for him largely by comfortable people with ample incomes of their own and keeping a generous table in their own homes—of such an act, but still more by the insult of it, the working man might strike all over the country: indeed, we incline to think he would. And what would the soldiers and sailors make of it if we passed an Act of Parliament taking away from them their tot of rum? But need we further discuss this thing? It is so ridiculous and impossible. Nor is there good reason for the parrot cry that corn is being wasted in vast quantities by the brewing of beer to-day. If it were, we should assuredly object to brewing. Mr. Kennedy Jones, after all, is likely to know just a little more about this matter even than the "Spectator", who has been dry nursing the teetotal baby with its water on the brain; and what does Mr. Jones, Director-General of Food Economy, say? In reply, for instance, to the loose assertion that the stocks of malted barley in the breweries in February last would have given the people four weeks' more bread, he says: "It would have produced . . . ten days' supply". For four weeks read one week and three days. That is only one of the lesser reckless statements which the Director of Food Economy exposes. We advise those who want the facts to read carefully his letter on page 3 of the "Times" last week. They should also read Mr. Meadow's letter in the "Daily Mail" (29 May) and "Times" (28 May) in regard to the Welsh miners and this question; if that does not sober them, they should wind up with the "Daily Mail's" leading article of 29 May on the same subject. The "Daily Mail", as everyone knows who has followed this question closely, is very far from being associated with "the Trade".

To pass total prohibition to-day would be to play straight into the hands of Germany. Pass total prohibition over his head and the working man would rise and strike. He gave a taste of what he felt about this matter a little while ago, falling on his improvers and stigmatising them as "Hun-Stigginses". We may be told at this point that the working classes would have risen and struck all round if compulsory military service had been decreed in 1914 or early 1915, when we urged it. Nothing of the kind. Compulsory military service would have been no insult whatever, whereas posters stuck up everywhere, vulgar, blatant posters suggesting cowardice, instigating a white feather campaign, urging the women on to cut the men who held back, and so on—all that was an insult. For the working men first to be stigmatised as cowards on the posters and then to be stigmatised as drunkards by a total prohibition act passed over their heads—this would really be a little too much.

We quite know the strength of feeling which drives on many of the total prohibitionists. We recognise particularly that those who have been preaching it for many years past are perfectly honest people. They are powerfully organised, too: they can boycott all papers that make any stand against their views and can patronise those which do the opposite, and they feel that now, if ever, is the time. But we at least will not be bullied or threatened into submission. We will not lend ourselves to this movement, for we believe if it succeeded—that is, if total prohibition was rushed on the nation—disaster would follow.

Drunkenness we loathe as much as any teetotaler who ever was. The smell alone of it intensely repels one. The sight of it is equally or even more beastly. Of course, we are well aware, too, that over-drink is responsible for a large amount of crime. But so does the pursuit of money, of property of all sorts, of position, produce a great crop of crime. Is that a good argument for totally prohibiting the pursuit of money—thought by some to be the root of all evil—of

property of all sorts, of position? Sexual feeling produces crime in a vast number of instances. Will anyone gravely assure us that it is in itself an evil thing?

It is time to have done once and for all with this total prohibition question during the war, for it is a dangerous one which the working man is growing convinced is aimed expressly at him—which we fear it is. Let us drop it before grave mischief comes of it and get on with the war instead. The Food Directors must see to it that there is nothing which can be reasonably described as waste of food over the making of liquor—that is entirely essential; whilst the official Board must guard against its abuse—and that, too, is no less essential. Both have ample dictatorial powers, and we see no reason to doubt they are resolute to use them.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 148) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. G. STONE, C.M.G.

MORE MEN, AND HOW TO GET THEM.

YET once again the exploded idea of calling for volunteers to fill up the ranks of our armies is being tried with a view to evading the more direct issue of calling up every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-one who is fit for service and whose services are not indispensable in other branches of Government work which contribute directly to the winning of the war. The attempt to get volunteers between the ages of forty-one and fifty is foredoomed to failure and is causing a dangerous delay in the recruiting and training of the younger and fitter men, who are still being permitted to evade their first duty to the country after various fashions. It is quite obvious that the machinery of the Tribunals is no longer competent to deal with the tremendous issues which are at stake. The Tribunals vary in their grasp of the situation in different parts of the country; but, without doing an injustice to the considerable number which have continuously carried out their difficult duties with a single eye to the first and most urgent necessity of winning the war, uninfluenced by the pressure of local and personal considerations, it must be admitted by all who have a general knowledge of the subject that there are a very large number, if not a considerable majority, which have been unable, and indeed in many cases unwilling, to free themselves from the insistent influence of local claims for consideration and have placed the convenience of the claimant for exemption or of his employer before the paramount necessity of the State. It seems impossible to make the country realise that unless we put every ounce of our possible fighting strength into the war we cannot beat Germany, which has done so, is doing so, and will continue to do so until she is victorious or beaten—and we are a long way from beating Germany yet. It took seven years (1756-63) for Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, and Saxony to try to destroy the military power of Prussia a century and a half ago, and then they did not succeed. A few years before the present war a so-called British statesman whose dominant idea was disarmament, with a view to encouraging Germany to follow such an excellent example, gave vent to the humiliating view that we in England had no cause to dread an attack by Germany because "the other nations would never allow Great Britain to be crushed". This was carrying out the Christian teaching of "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth" with a vengeance; but it may be doubted whether the shopkeeping and vote-catching instinct was not more in the ascendant than any whole-hearted devotion to Christian principles.

And yet there is more than a suspicion that the same idea in a slightly different form has seized upon the imagination of a very considerable number of people in this country since the United States have thrown down the glove to Germany. There is in the minds of

these people an unexpressed but nevertheless a lively faith that the intervention of America may save them from the necessity of the much greater effort without which we cannot hope to win the war. They conveniently ignore the disturbing element of Russia's present impotence in the struggle and the wholesale transfer of the fighting forces of the Central Powers from the Eastern to the Western and Italian fronts, which has made the task of the gallant armies of the Allies on those fronts twice as arduous as it was before.

It may safely be said that the bulk of our people do not realise in the remotest degree what a German victory would mean to this country: they have no conception of the virulence of the hatred of the German nation towards England; they fondly imagine that we are fighting against the Kaiser, against the "ruling class", against Junkerdom, against "militarism"—in fact, against any blessed thing except what we really are fighting against—viz., the German nation, which includes them all.

The last stanza of the German Hymn of Hate, which has become a sort of national anthem in the land of the Huns, runs as follows:

"French and Russian, they matter not;
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot:
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming, peace will seal.
You [i.e., England] we will hate with a lasting hate;
We will never forgo our hate;
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer [i.e., the workmen] and hate of the Crown,
Hate of seventy millions [i.e., the German nation] choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe, and one alone—
England!

Let us make no mistake: Germany is essentially *one*, and absolutely united against her "one foe", England. Any kind of a peace with the other belligerents would satisfy her if only she could get her knife into us and make us suffer as she has made France and Belgium and Serbia suffer. That is what she wants—to see us on the rack.

France has suffered and is strong, strong in the serene consciousness that she is devoting the whole of her strength, without keeping anything back, to this tragic life or death struggle. We have suffered, in parts, and we are strong, in parts; but we have not devoted the whole of our strength to the issue, and our people have in a great measure failed completely to realise that we also are engaged in a life or death struggle.

It is time to cease this fooling with exemptions and to carry out at once a drastic measure of national military service which would take every fit man between eighteen and forty-one for the Army or Navy unless he was actually employed and indispensable in munitions, shipbuilding, agriculture, or certain branches of science. The exemptions in these categories should not be made by local Tribunals, but by special Commissioners appointed for the purpose, who should visit all the localities where appeals have to be heard and make an award which should be final. It would not be difficult to select from among the existing Tribunals which have a good record a sufficient number of Commissioners to carry out this work in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, and they could be supplemented by an equal number of military officers who on account of wounds or other disabling causes are no longer able to take their places in the fighting line, and who are not required for immediate administrative or training duties at home.

It is not proposed here to make any attempt to elaborate a complete scheme to replace the existing Tribunals; such a scheme can only be drawn up by those who would be responsible for putting it into execution; but it is most strongly urged that there are

a vast number of cases, which are common knowledge in every locality, of men of military age who have evaded military service by every kind of loophole which has been legally possible and also by numerous other devices which are not officially recognised, but which have been none the less successful, in enabling them to stand aside while others are fighting for their country and their homes. The only sure way of getting these men is to make the rule for compulsory military service absolute between the ages specified, subject to an appeal in the case of the four categories above mentioned, and to replace the local Tribunals by Commissioners without any local connection, who would by virtue of their proved experience or military standing be accepted as fit and proper persons to give a decision which should be final in every case.

We have got to win the war. Compared with this nothing else matters a brass farthing; and we have not only got to win the war against Germany on the battlefield, but we have also got to win it against a network of intrigue and corruption at home which in many shapes and under numerous disguises is fighting Germany's battles all over the world quite as effectively as the armies under Hindenburg are fighting them on the soil of France.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

ALBANIA AND THE ALBANIANS.

By M. E. DURHAM.

OF the smaller nations of Europe who are looking forward anxiously for the results of this war, which is being waged on behalf of their right to exist and develop, none awaits more eagerly than Albania. And of all small nations none has fought a longer battle for liberty. The Albanian is the oldest thing in the Balkan Peninsula, and from the early days when the Romans fought his Illyrian ancestors and their proud queen, Teuta, his history has been a series of epic struggles against one invader after the other. He has outlived four empires and retained his individuality. Scutari, as we call it (Shkodra in Albanian), was Illyria's capital before the coming of the Romans. Berlin, Petrograd, Belgrade, even Vienna, are modern in comparison with Scutari.

Roman civilisation seems to have spread swiftly in Illyria. Judging by ornaments and implements found in pre-Roman graves, indeed, the Illyrians had a considerable civilisation of their own, and were among the earliest manufacturers and users of iron. The Albanians claim that they were converted to Christianity by St. Paul himself. At any rate, they were early converted, for we find Scutari an Archbishopric as early as 307. And Albania has formed part of the Patriarchate of Rome ever since. Nor were the Illyrians a conquered people. More than one Roman Emperor—Diocletian and Constantine the Great among them—was of native blood.

Roman-Illyrian civilisation was rudely broken into and largely destroyed by the invasion of huge hordes of a pagan people—the Slavs. By the seventh century they had seized large tracts of the plain lands and driven Roman civilisation to the coast, where it has never entirely died out. Of the Illyrian population part, no doubt, was absorbed, though it has left traces. The bulk of the people, who sheltered in the mountainous districts of modern Albania, retained its language, its individuality, and its customs with remarkable tenacity. Every effort made to Slavise them failed completely, and when, on the death of Tsar Stefan Dushan, in 1356, his great but short-lived Serbian Empire fell to pieces, the Albanians were among the first to break loose.

Albania's first catastrophe was the coming of the Slavs, whom she was wont to consider her foe. Her second was the coming of the Turks. To these the Albanians were the last of all the Balkan peoples to succumb. Their chieftain,

Skenderbeg, kept the Turks at bay for twenty-four victorious years, and extended his territories. It was not till his death in 1467 that the Turks overran the land. But the old Illyrian spirit remained unbroken. The tribesmen retained local autonomy, and in the mountains no doubt much independence. Again and again they sent appeals to Venice to help them fight for freedom. But in vain. Finally, in the 17th century they began going over to Islam in considerable numbers. The Greeks and the Slavs had done so as early as the 15th century. Again it was the Albanian who was the last to succumb to environment.

Favoured by the Turkish Government, Albanian chiefs rapidly gained power, and soon reconquered a large part of the ancestral lands which had been torn from their forebears by the previous invaders. So strong did they become that they again struck for freedom. For many years Ali Pasha, of South Albania, whose capital was Janina, was quite independent and almost succeeded in getting English support. And the Pasha of Scutari was almost as powerful. The Turks then made a very determined effort to crush the Albanians once for all. South Albania fell entirely into Turkish hands. The north was badly beaten, but not wholly subdued. Nor did the nation as a whole forget its traditions.

When other peoples of the Balkans obtained favour at the Congress of Berlin, the Albanians too, asked for recognition. England favoured the formation of a large Albanian province, with a view to its future independence. It is obvious that, had this been effected and the frontiers delimited, very many recent evils and difficulties would have been avoided. But the Powers were not agreed. And the Turks punished the chieftains who had risen for freedom by death or by exile. Turkish governors and often garrisons were put in the Albanian towns, and Albania was in hard plight, worse than that of any other Balkan race. Each of the others had a "big brother" outside, who, for more or less selfish reasons, saw that she had churches, priests, books and schools of her own, through which to develop her nationality.

No outside Power protected Albania, and the Turks, knowing the result of national development, had early forbidden the use of Albanian in schools and in print. No race in Europe has had to struggle against such dangers and difficulties as the Albanians in order to learn. Koritza was the centre of nationalism in the south. When I first visited it in 1904 the schoolmaster was still serving out his term of fifteen years' imprisonment for teaching the language, and the same penalty was inflicted on anyone found with an Albanian book or paper in his possession. But I found the work at Koritza going bravely and steadily on. Papers were printed in London, Brussels, and Bucharest, and secretly circulated. The British and Foreign Bible Society had the right to sell its publications in the Turkish Empire, and quantities of Albanian copies of the Book of Genesis and the Gospel of St. Mark were bought up greedily by Moslem and Christian alike to serve as means of learning to read. For religion has made no difference to the Albanians' sense of nationality.

I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which the Young Turks proclamation of the freedom of the Press was hailed in Albania. Mushroom newspapers sprang up almost in a night, Albanian clubs and schools were opened and overfilled. "Liria, liria" (liberty, liberty) was on every lip.

Down came the Turk, more fierce than ever. Printing presses were closed, schoolmasters, editors, printers imprisoned. Albanian, if printed at all, was to be printed in Arabic characters—totally unfit for a European language. The Government printed thousands of alphabets and sent them to Albania. The people collected them and burnt them at Berat. The immediate results of these oppressions were the Albanian insurrections of 1910-11 and 1912. They were the precursors of the Balkan War of 1912-13. In these wars the Albanians as a whole remained neutral, defending themselves only when attacked. But

they were invaded and devastated in parts by more than one army.

It is perhaps not desirable here to enter into criticism of the recent actions of allies and foes in that war. I will say only that throughout its horrors the Albanians never lost hope in the ultimate justice of Europe, and that these hopes were most cruelly blighted when, in response to their earnest prayer, the Powers sent them a wholly incapable and incompetent German, the Prince von Wied. He did not even deign to visit his country and people, but sat in a very comfortable palace on the coast and tried to make a little German court. And the people who had looked towards him as to a Messiah saw, to their helpless dismay, their land made the prey of most unscrupulous and disgraceful European intrigues.

But it is darkest before dawn. Albania hopes that the day for which she has struggled so long is coming at last. Sixty thousand refugees who have found shelter in America are awaiting the day when peace is proclaimed, and they may take up the work—with new-found knowledge—of reorganising their fatherland.

No one who knows the Albanian, his quick intelligence, his industry and energy, can doubt his ultimate success if given a fair chance. He is the artist of the Balkans, and his aptitude for trade is greater than that of any Balkan race, except perhaps the Greeks, while as a skilled craftsman he excels all other Balkan peoples. His silverwork, wood carving, and gold embroideries are to be found in the museums of Europe. But to do himself justice he must be able to call his soul his own. Each of the other Balkan peoples, on being given independence, has been given also the help and protection of some strong Power till able to stand alone. Let us hope that this time Albania will not be left to the mercies of an "International Control", which means that each nation concerned plays for its own hand, and the wretched protégé suffers. But may there be one strong protector to whose interest it will be to warn off all trespassers and see that Albania shall belong to the Albanians.

Her vital interests in the Adriatic point to Italy as best fitted to be that protector.

Autonomy under a European Prince as a protectorate would be gladly accepted by the Albanians, who of all things dread to see their country dismembered and themselves subjected to the rule of races whom they regard only as foes.

ET APRÈS?

By DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

FINDING myself recently in one of the "high built, glittering galleons of the streets", I tendered my fare to such-and-such a place to the girl conductor, who returned it saying, "We don't go there; you ought to have changed into a No. 100". "But", we all gasped, "this is a No. 100"! And so I fell musing on what is going to happen to our womanhood after the war. Of course, they are going to have that vote which men have ceased to prize, for parliamentary institutions have long been dying of senile decay and disrespect, nor are they suited to democracy. It might have been thought that the war has emphasised beyond contradiction the essential distinction between the sexes—for feminists treat woman as merely undeveloped man—and certainly a male population of soldiers will not allow itself to be overruled about questions of war and peace, or maybe drink, by a possibly small majority of female electors. But the vote is now spoken of as a "reward", and people declare that it must be conceded. It would be more candid if we admitted that it is not constitutional agitation, but violence and outrage, that brought us to this concessionary frame of mind. The former would never have proved a sufficient advertisement for women's rights, and it is hypocrisy to pretend otherwise. In the din of competing causes one must make

oneself a nuisance to be heard. You leave off for a moment being offensive and John Bull, who would never have thought of the matter otherwise, immediately says, "Ah, I always meant to do what you asked directly you became reasonable".

I hate cheap cynicism, but is not this true? If, however, women get the franchise that is the only point, as far as can be judged, as regards which statesmen at the council board are likely to meet to make the bounds of freedom wider yet. We are going to be very much governed. At present we live under a searching super-Tudor despotism to which lettres de cachet, forced loans and benevolences, legislation by proclamation and so forth, are a trifle, and we have come rather to like the ukase of Whitehall and the vermilion pencil which writes from the dragon-throne of Downing Street, "Tremble and obey". Of course we are just now in a state of siege, but the State was taking us into custody more and more before the war began, and it is idle to think that when it is over our civil and religious liberties—or at any rate the former—and the sacred right of self-misgovernment are going to return. I don't know that marriages will be arranged by the Lord Chancellor, which Johnson thought would be a good plan, but some form of eugenics, weeding out the weakly, will probably be enforced. Our civilisation—which Stevenson called a dingy, ungentelemanly business—will become standardised, the few poor relics of the British Constitution will be made scrap iron, the hand that rocks the cradle—if cradles are needed—will be superseded by labour-saving machinery, and the Socialist ideal may be realised of food for all and freedom for none. Liberty and democracy, it must be remembered, are forced products, and would have perished long ago but for the Army and Navy, which secure the inviolability of our coasts. So that any further attempt to run Empire on the cheap—but did not Cobden himself declare in 1861, "I would vote a hundred million pounds rather than allow the French navy to be increased to a level with ours"?—would doom both to extinction. What Lord Morley calls the fatal heresy that one man's opinion is as good as another's will find hereafter short shrift, and we shall be governed not as we wish but for our good. This has always, it must be confessed, been the ideal of the wise, and even Mill, while crying "Hands off!" to State interference and desiring a life without imperatives, spoke with derision of our being governed by the chattering and cawing of 657 rooks and daws at Westminster, and hankered after Plato's philosophising. Indeed, I read lately in the "Daily News" that "the essential principle of democracy is government by the fit"—democracy which Lowe described as "that bare and level plain where every ant's nest is a mountain and every thistle a forest tree"! How can great questions, vital to national existence and happiness, be solved ambulating through Parliamentary lobbies or by big committees of small men? "By the wisdom of a few", says Creighton, "we have to stand or fall in all things".

Mill distinguished freedom of thought from freedom of action. The eternal spirit of the chainless mind is usually freer under autocracy than when caught in the dead-man's-coil of popular tyranny. And there is something fine about government which is strong enough to allow sedition to be spouted under police protection in the Royal parks as long as the grass and shrubs are not injured. Alas! there must be no grass or shrubs in Trafalgar Square, and what do Nelson, Gordon, and the other heroes think of the mob orators on whom their statues have so often looked down? Those who praise liberty with a big L have seldom cared much for it with a small initial. Well, well! The agitator's sound and foam, his short cuts to the millennium and offer of heaven-while-you-wait, have little perhaps in common with the visionary cities of a Plato, a More or Mazzini, built out of the light and flame of the aspiring imagination. They are usually earthy and secular, soaring to no empyreal sphere. But any ideal is preferable to the boiled-suet-pudding frame of mind. Tennyson's wheeling orb of change had

better end as an explosive bomb than die away, like a firework, in faintness of fatigue.

There is a good time coming for all kinds of social experiment. The regulation of life will supersede individualism and *laissez-faire*. Employers will no longer on Saturday night pay a man, in Carlyle's phrase, a certain number of metal pieces and shove him out of doors. Wages and prices will be settled—at any rate we are told so—by law. Mr. Stephen Graham says that in the great industrial cities of the United States forests of men are used up, just as forests of timber are worn away into daily newspapers and rubbish. Great Britain has only copses and plantations of labour, but these are wanted for national service, not for the pulping-mill of grinding competition. The poor who have never owned more of the earth's surface than a flower-pot in a garret window, with the expectation of six feet of cemetery ground at the end of a life of toil, must be made something better than *ascripti glebæ*. A brotherhood of unequals is being rewelded in the trenches between the man in the cloth cap and aristocracy that has put off silken-folded idleness for self-sacrificing leadership. "Bright thoughts", says old Sir Thomas Browne, "clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bravery and generous honesty are the gems of noble minds, wherein (to derogate from none) the true heroick English gentleman hath no peer". "We are no longer a nation", declared Earl Roberts before the war, "but a conglomeration of passions, parties and sects". Thank God, that is no longer true.

The old Liberalism which, while it expatiated on the dignity of man, bought him in the cheapest and sold him in the dearest market, treated human nature as a commodity equally homogeneous and exchangeable with sugar or cotton. Socialism, however, marks the bankruptcy of Liberalism. Only democratic Socialism, as Clémenceau confessed, is up to the neck in incoherence. It cannot explain what right a bare majority has to call itself the community, nor yet quo jure a community, stripped of supernatural sanctions, coerces its citizens into paths of virtue and well-being. Socialism first secularises the State and then deifies it. This topsy-turvy theocracy creates a magnified Letchworth and calls it the kingdom of God. It ignores natural inequality and then essays the building of an organic State out of equal units, like the sand edifices erected by children on the beach. It would make the nation a monastery, but one without God. It reduces the individual to a cog-wheel in a great materialist machine. It takes care of the body and leaves the soul to take care of itself. Holding that there is just enough joy in the world to go round, it divides it into threepenny bits. It is more concerned for Lazarus's sores than for Dives's soul, and finds a New Jerusalem in Mr. Wells's "World-City of Mankind", proclaiming that "the soul-saving business is pretty well played out". But the worst development is when a paganised Church, of which the world has become the salt, offers the multitude *panem et circenses* and calls these Christian Socialism. Somehow, if government is to play the parental and authoritative part which the future seems to call for, it must be reattached to the clouds. Disraeli well said, "The divine right of government is the keystone of human progress; without which law sinks into police and a nation is degraded into a mob".

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.*

By H. J. MARSHALL.

NO book in the whole range of human literature has been so widely read, has so profoundly touched the heart of man in times of joy and sorrow, as the Book of the Psalms. It meets and expresses all his emotions, from the depths of sorrow and penitence, through the wide gamut of human experience, right up

to the shining heights of human joy. In this time of war, especially, these Psalms come to us like a draught of pure spring water fresh from the well of Bethlehem.

Familiar and beautiful as these Psalms are, there has long been need of a careful revision by capable and scholarly hands. "I have been reading the Psalms for a lifetime", writes a correspondent; "but, beautiful as they are, in places they are quite meaningless". And Dr. Driver writes: "Those who love and habitually use the Prayer Book Psalter have a claim to be able to learn from it the sense of the original more exactly than they can at present do; and a gentle conservative revision which, while jealously guarding its unrivalled beauties of rhythm and diction, would enable them to do this, is a much-needed desideratum".

The Prayer Book version of the Psalms dates back to the "Great Bible" of 1539, prepared under the direction of Coverdale, assisted by "dyverse excellent learned men". For the style of this great version, so incomparable for purposes of music and devotion, English-speaking people are undoubtedly indebted to Coverdale himself. So strong, indeed, had its hold upon the nation become that in 1611, when the Authorised Version appeared with its matchless prose, nevertheless the older and more musical version was maintained unchallenged in the hearts of English churchmen, and has been the chief and most worthy vehicle of their praise ever since. On the effect upon the purity and excellence of the English tongue upon these, both learned and unlearned, who were thus made familiar with these great versions it is needless here to dwell. It is familiar to all. In countless of the poorest and humblest Dissenting chapels in England uneducated men who knew nevertheless their Bible have learnt to speak to their people from age to age in language which has worthily caught and reflected this unrivalled source of pure English prose.

Still, within the present generation, a new light has been thrown on the Psalms, and a new way of regarding them is gradually permeating throughout all classes of English-speaking people. We have learnt that these Psalms were by no means all composed by David. Dr. Driver in his book, which affords such an excellent introduction to an intelligent study of these incomparable songs of Sion, tells us that few were written earlier than the seventh century B.C., and that the greater part were written during or after the Exile. But whether they were written, as has been supposed, by David, or were composed at various times during the long history of Israel, is after all, for devotional purposes, a matter of small moment. What really matters is that we have here a collection of national songs representing the national spirit of Israel as few other nations have been represented in literature.

It is difficult indeed for us to recapture, at this day, when the world has grown old and prosaic, the joyous exuberance and exaggeration of these singers of an earlier day. Nevertheless, in this version, much that has hindered us from entering into their spirit has been cleared away. The changes have proceeded along certain definite lines. Passages which have no intelligible meaning, errors of translation, obscurities, certain archaisms, have been altered, and, on the whole, but for a new and welcome clarity of meaning, an unaccustomed phrase here and there, the work of the revisers passes into the text unperceived by any but a careful reader.

On re-reading these Psalms one is reminded of Matthew Arnold's dictum, which too often is forgotten, that "the language of the Bible is literary, not scientific language, language *thrown out* at an object of consciousness not fully grasped, which inspired emotion". "Happily", he says elsewhere, "when the Eternal was revealed to man he had not yet begun to speculate". Hence "the spirit and tongue of Israel kept a propriety and a reserve, a sense of the inadequacy of language in conveying man's ideas of God, which contrasts strongly with the licence of affirmation in our Western theology". One has not to reach far to find many and striking examples of the fact that

* "The Prayer Book Psalter." Revised. 2s. 6d. net. S.P.C.K. "Studies in the Psalms," by the late S. R. Driver. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

while men, nowadays, go often astray through over precision, the Jew, by keeping to the language of poetry, and in spite of his tendency to personification, has been kept in the narrow path of fitness and propriety of diction, which he has never lost, and which has never hitherto been rivalled—a diction which oversteps the boundaries of creeds and comes naturally from the lips of all men: "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, let the whole earth stand in awe of him: It is the Lord that commandeth the waters, it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder: The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to cast their young, and strippeth bare the forest, in his temple doth everything speak of his honour: Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat: Thou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment: Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known". His very creatures attain a dignity, from the highest to the humblest, only because they serve Him: "O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength, ye that fulfil his commandments, and hearken unto the voice of his words: Praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm fulfilling his word: Young men and maidens, old men and children . . . for his name only is excellent and his praise above heaven and earth".

It is probable that these conceptions of God came to Israel naturally through the idea of *righteousness*, and the sense ingrained in man's heart that to righteousness belongs life, which it was the peculiar glory of Israel first of all nations to discover and to give to it adequate expression. And of modern nations the nation most akin to Israel in this is, perhaps, Russia. "The supreme, the characteristic feature of our people", writes Dostoevsky of Russia in the nineteenth century, "is its instinct, its hunger for righteousness."

Situated as he was in the midst of warlike nations, Israel was not afraid of war or of ascribing unto God his victory and prowess in battle. Nay, he openly and unashamedly exclaims—and this is one of the chief causes of complaint certain people have against him to this day, and for this reason say that his God is inferior to the God of Jesus—"It is God that girdeth me with strength of war, and maketh my way perfect: The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear him and delivereth them: Blessed is the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight: My defender in whom I trust: Save me from the hand of strange children whose right hand is a right hand of iniquity: That our sons may grow up as the young plants, and our daughters as the polished corners of the temple: That our garners may be full, that there be no decay, no leading away into captivity, and no complaining in our streets".

Perhaps it was this very struggle and sacrifice, this salvation of God which he had so often experienced, this conviction, which had grown out of experience, of the indefectibility of righteousness, which gave Israel his exalted patriotism and which taught Israel to look upon Zion as the City of Righteousness, the *chosen* city. However that may be, Israel did attain to a conception of patriotism illuminated by religion which far outshone the patriotism of all other nations upon earth, even of Athens herself, and which pointed the way to that other City "not made with hands" which is the mother of us all—whether it be Plato's Republic or Augustine's City of God, or that ideal England which existed in the hearts of the men who defeated the Armada, and which still lives on in the hearts of those now fighting the Germans. And, even though the ideal still remains far above us, we can in a sense think without impropriety of England where the Psalmist thought of Zion: "I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord, our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem: Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity in itself: There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God: God is in

the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed, God shall help her and that right early: The hill of Zion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth: O pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee, peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces; yet because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek to do thee good".

Although that ideal, too, remained far above out of their reach, yet it was not out of their sight, and although the words are the words and outpourings of a few chosen souls extending over many centuries, and although Israel as a people fell away from their ideal, "starting aside like a broken bow", and although with their fine gold was mixed brass and with their silver dress, and they crucified their Redeemer, and their end was that as a nation they were blotted out—still, they made these words so much their own that they became the warp and woof of their religion; they stamped their own impress on them so clearly, and, having done so, they stamped them so indelibly upon the world's consciousness as the message of Israel, that just as Athens is the mother of all those who seek art and beauty, so Zion has become the mother of all those who seek righteousness. And of these two undoubtedly Zion's is the greater and grander ideal.

ON COMING TO SALONIKA.

I SAID that Flanders held no charms for me,
Grew weary of the endless supine fields,
The chafing pavé and the miry lanes
And dull monotony of mill and tree,
Till fortune took me into France—
And then I surely thought Romance
Would start to thrill me everywhere,
And visions of a storied past arise
In towns and hamlets and the people's eyes.
Alas! the ancient majesties had fled
From cities and from souls: (I thought) instead
Was only rude necessity, scant livelihood
Laboriously gained, and narrow lives
Lived out in narrow streets and stunted farms.
I was familiar with war's dread alarms
Through nineteen lagging months, till struck
The hour of that great epic of the Somme,
When long-leashed fury leapt upon
The foe, and broke his pride
And trumpeted his doom.
Yet little joy was left to me who read
That story in the purple script
Of dear lives done to death and stricken friends.

Then with chill loneliness about my heart
I came to Greece. Nor the delight of blue waters
Nor warm skies shall heal my smart.
The poignant loveliness of hills and sea
Brings added bitterness to memory.
And old Olympus scorning clouds
And tossing his white-blown locks
In the face of the sun, the Bermian rocks
Against the purple edge of Thessaly,
Calm waters laving listlessly
The long lank fingers of the Chersonese,
And Hortiac's twin heights and their bright company
Of romping hills that tumble to the sea,
And Salonika lying idly on the shore,
Like some old faded palimpsest
Cast there by centuries of ebb and flow—
All these seem but the gaudy, empty show
Of things, and hard and bitter is the core.
I may not dally with them like that careless boy
Who played with Helen's hair
When Death was busy at the gates of Troy,
Nor like those war-tried wanderers fain to press
To hungry lips the flower of soft forgetfulness.
It were a heresy for me to feast
On all this glorious riot of the East,
For this is Jupiter's domain—not Christ's!
Ah no, my suffering God

Is in the flats of Flanders and the fields of France.
He walks
The chafing pavé and the miry lanes,
Is manifest in narrow streets and narrow lives
Sore buffeted by winds and rains
And daily crucified upon the Somme.

O friends of mine,
Still toiling in the middle fray,
And you, dear souls at rest
In Death's quiet trance,
O, how I envy you
The sweet humility of France!

Kalamari, 1917.

P.

CORRESPONDENCE

HORRORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 May.

SIR,—I venture to reply to a letter from a lady which I have come across in the SATURDAY REVIEW for 19 May. According to your correspondent a "wounded rifleman" has declared to her that on more than one occasion he has found in the pockets of German prisoners a number of severed hands torn from children and preserved as souvenirs. Now, Sir, until we get better evidence than this unsworn testimony at second-hand of an anonymous rifleman, who gives neither dates nor places for the alleged atrocities, I beg leave to say quite frankly that I disbelieve the story. Such horrible "souvenirs", if they existed, must obviously have been taken from French or Belgian infants in the occupied territories. Has any charge of this kind been recently brought forward by the responsible French authorities, who have been ready, and justly so, to bring to public notice the misdoings of the enemy on French or Belgian soil? The whole story is preposterous on the face of it, and I do not believe that a single responsible British officer at the front would believe it for a moment.

Many of us are quite "fed up" with these stories about "crucified Canadians", "mutilated babies", and perhaps the most stupid of all the series, the "boiling down of the German dead into glycerine and pigs' food".

For God's sake, let the soldiers do their duty without these unworthy and undignified fabrications. Those whose ears are never free from the roar of guns, whose eyes are constantly fixed on the real miseries of war, require none of these fictitious horrors.

Yours, etc.,

MILES.

DALMATIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As practically all the Italians from Dalmatia who have been able to escape from that unfortunate country, after having suffered as few other nationalities have ever suffered through the Austro-Croatian work of denationalisation, are now serving in the Italian Army, not a single one of those "Italianissimi" has been given the opportunity, I am afraid, to answer the most extraordinary attacks which Sir Arthur Evans and his few friends have been pleased repeatedly to make against them. May I be, therefore, allowed as a Dalmatian Irredento of Spalato, who for ten months has already done his duty in the Army, to raise my voice in protest?

I shall do so without abuse.

I feel entitled, however, to inform him that the "noisy and ignorant" little clique of extremists who are claiming Italy's right to Dalmatia are the best part of the Italian nation, from the Supreme Command and

the Government to the extreme Radical and Socialist reformist parties, to which latter Signor Bissolati belongs. Anybody stating the contrary deceives naively himself and his readers.

I do not want to repeat the many and too much already quoted national, historical, and strategic arguments which have been advanced to prove the rightfulness of these claims.

To answer some of Sir Arthur's and his friends' favourite statements it is sufficient to compare the flourishing Dalmatian civilisation before 1797 (Campoformio) with the semi-barbarous conditions obtaining to-day in those regions of the Adriatic coast which are under Austro-Croatian or Austro-Slovene rule. I would refer Sir Arthur Evans to Mr. T. J. Jackson's "Dalmatia, Histria, and Montenegro" (Oxford, 1884), which is certain to appeal to Sir Arthur's archaeological instincts. In the meanwhile I will quote some passages of this work, which may serve to illuminate him on the real and impartial facts of the case:

"In the maritime cities of the mainland and on most of the islands the traveller may well imagine himself in Italy, for the language, architecture, manners, and dress of the citizens are the same as on the other side of the Adriatic" (Vol. I., page 200).

"Zara, Spalato, Traù, and Ragusa were Latin cities when as yet Venice was not existent, and they remained Latin cities throughout the Middle Ages with very little help from her influence until the fifteenth century. The Italian spoken in Dalmatia before that time was not the Venetian dialect; in some parts it had a distinct form of its own; in others it resembled the form into which Latin had passed in the South of Italy, or Umbria, and it was only after 1420 that it began to assimilate itself to the Italian of Lombardy and Venetia. At Ragusa it never became Venetian at all, and to this day it resembles rather the Tuscan dialect than any other, while the patois of the common people is a curious medley of Italian and Illyric, with traces of rustic Latin, Vlak or Rouman" (Vol. I., page 183).

This uninterrupted Latin and Italian character of the country, which existed long before any Slav immigration, was already proved in 1673 by the greatest Dalmatian historian, Giovanni Lucio, whose works ought to be well known to any self-constituted authority on the subject. In the preface to Lucio's "Historia di Dalmatia, et in particolare delle città di Traù, Spalato et Sebenico" (Venezia: Curti, 1674), it is stated: "Having now to write the memoirs of Traù, my birthplace, I have wished to use the modern or vulgar tongue, which may be called Dalmatian no less than Italian".

If Sir Arthur would like to know how Austria "Croatised" the Dalmatian municipalities, which had until then (1797) been Latin and Italian, let him turn to Vol. II., page 83, of Jackson's work: "The late podestà of Spalato (an Italian) was, however, ejected with the whole municipality from office (1882) by the Austrian Government to make way for a new corporation of strictly Croatian sympathisers, which after an interregnum of two years was elected under the guns of a man-of-war stationed in the harbour, and which one may therefore assume was forced upon an unwilling people. Spalato has hitherto been no less strongly attached to the Latin or autonomous party than Zara herself, but nothing is now being left undone to give it the character of a Slovene town and to put an end to the Latin tradition of twelve centuries, during which the Croat has borne no rule within its walls".

If Sir Arthur, notwithstanding these clear evidences of ancient and modern history of Dalmatia, prefers his fantastic and political interpretation of historical facts, we cannot help being amused. Ne sutor ultra crepidam! He would be well advised, however, to remember that Austro-Croatian statistics, apart from the proved falsifications, do not represent the scientific principle of nationality, because they are merely based

on the principle of the "language in use". It is thus, therefore, that a very large number of Italians have been registered as Croats by the Croatian municipalities. In the elections under universal suffrage which took place in 1911 it was proved that the Italian national political party amounts to at least 10 per cent. of the population. It is equally well known, however, that at least a third of the 600,000 Dalmatians are acquainted with and speak Italian. To these must be added at least 150,000 Morlacchi, who, while speaking Slav, are Latin by race (Moro-Valachians: see Porphyrogenitus's and Lucio's works).

Sir Arthur Evans and his Jingo-Slavs like to quote certain isolated passages (always the same) of Mazzini and of Tommaseo without regard to the context or to the general trend of the writings of these two patriots, who would certainly to-day be the first to protest against such an unfair and false use of their words.

If one reads the correspondence between Mazzini and Kossuth, published in the "Oesterreichische Rundschau" of Vienna, 1883 (see pages 695-714), it will appear that Mazzini dreamed of a Balkan Confederation headed by the Magyars, and directed against Russia and Russian influence in the Balkans. Who would think to-day, after the Magyars' behaviour and that of the Croats, to reward them by giving them Italian cities and Italian provinces?

To say that Tommaseo, who after 1848 dedicated all his political writings (over twenty volumes between books and pamphlets) to fighting the Austro-Croatians in his native Dalmatia, and who to do this started learning Croatian when he was thirty-nine, wished the Slavization of his country, is to insult and to libel his memory. Tommaseo was the official leader of the Italian autonomistic party in Dalmatia, but to protect it from Austrian persecution he could not call them "Irredentisti", which would have been tantamount to declaring the Italians traitors to the Austrian State. He was therefore obliged to say that then they did not wish for the impossible—i.e., the separation of Dalmatia from Austria, but that they were contented with a state of autonomy which, however, was never granted them. Sir Arthur's misinterpretation of Tommaseo's lines, "Alla Dalmazia", must be noted. In order to get the right sense of these lines, referring to the future of Italo-Serbian relations in Dalmatia, let him refer to Senatore Isidoro Del' Lungo, Arciconsolo of the Accademia della Crusca, the highest philological authority in Italy, who has already dealt with the question.

One last point I should like to correct in Sir Arthur's statements. Among the authorities which he calls to his aid in order to convince his readers of the preposterous character of Italian aspirations is Camillo Cavour. On page 14-15 of Vol. VIII. of "Storia Documentata della Diplomazia Europea in Italia" (Turin, 1872), written by Nicomede Bianchi, the following document is quoted: "In November 1858 Vincenzo Salvagnoli was charged by Cavour to go to Compiègne, and after a long conversation with the Emperor Napoleon he consigned to him an important Note, in which it was stated that: 'Northern Italy will include the whole of Piedmont, Savoy and the county of Nice excepted, Lombardy, Venetia, the Italian Friuli, and the coasts of Dalmatia. . . .'"

I don't suppose that even Sir Arthur will be pleased to place Cavour among the "noisy and ignorant" little clique which is fighting most bravely with the Allies for that great Italian statesman's never-forgotten ideal of a united Italy.

I beg to remain,

Your obedient servant,

ALESSANDRO DUDAN, Dr. Jur.,
Special Correspondent of the "Messaggero",
Rome.

THE JUGO-SLAV QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am moved to reply to the assertions of "A Lover of Italy" (SATURDAY REVIEW, 19 May) solely

because he touches upon the Jugo-Slav question by attacking the Jugo-Slav Committee and availing himself of some utterances in the Croatian Diet. I have myself been a member of the Croatian Diet, and I am a member of the Jugo-Slav Committee. "A Lover" says that the Jugo-Slav Committee speaks with one voice in London and with quite other voices in Geneva and Vienna. Where and when has this Committee spoken with one voice in London and another in Geneva? And where has it spoken in any fashion whatsoever in Vienna? I should be very glad if "A Lover" will kindly produce the proofs of it. "A Lover" avers that the members of the Jugo-Slav Committee are not delegates of the Croatian Diet. That is quite true. Only nobody has at any time asserted that. But the Committee is the spokesman of our large and numerous Colonies in America, Australia, and New Zealand. Wherever Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes enjoy free speech they are at one with the aspirations and ideas of the Committee.

"A Lover" endeavours to prove by quotations from the addresses of the majority and minority in the Croatian Diet that these declarations are hostile to union with Serbia.

But could we not quote similar declarations on the part of the Austrian Italians? They even declared that their place is in Austria, and not in Italy, and that they are unanimously "condemning" every aim of their "liberation" from Austria. Are we to draw the same conclusions from such declarations as "A Lover" draws from those in the Croatian Diet?

The addresses, however, of both the majority and the minority in the Croatian Diet are to be understood rightly. The debates upon the address were dominated by the thought of the national unity of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and fearless criticism of the State policy of Austria-Hungary. When Deputy Palecek of the majority emphasised that the whole nation desired union, the opposition shouted: "Without Magyars! Without Austria! We don't want the union within the Magyar State!"

We must also not lose sight of the fact that the majority has for years been accused by both Austrians and Magyars of anti-dynasticism and sedition. Just recently this accusation was repeated in the Magyar Parliament. Many deputies of this majority are either in prison or interned or under suspicion. The Serbian majority organ was suppressed at the beginning of the war. Subsequently the Croatian majority organ was likewise suppressed. That is for the majority. As far as the minority is concerned the strongest party in it was brought up on and gained its hold on the nation by the cult of Zrinjski and Frankopan, who in 1671 were executed in the Wiener Neustadt as rebels against Austria; by the cult of Eugene Kvaternik, who was killed in 1871 in a revolt; and by the teaching of its founder, Ante Starcevic, who above all things in the world hated Austria. Thus stands Austrophilism in Croatia. Surely all this outweighs the conventional form of the addresses.

But let us assume for the moment that the utterances in the Croatian Diet express nothing but the most abject loyalty. What does "the Lover" want to prove thereby to Italy's advantage? On the one hand we have one set of facts; on the other hand stand the facts that the Jugo-Slav Committee and all our emigrants are working for liberation and unification with Serbia. For this idea thousands of volunteers are under arms, and many have already perished. There is no question, then, of a few exiled extremists. The "Lover of Italy" who so rigorously scrutinises the legitimacy of the Jugo-Slav political aspirations ought not to dare to forget that the desire for Jugo-Slav unification rests on at least the same foundations as the Italian aspirations to unite the Italians.

Yours faithfully,

JOVAN BANIANIN,
Late Croatian Deputy and Delegate in the
Parliament of Budapest, and Member of
the Jugo-Slav Committee in London.

THE BLINDED HEROES OF FRANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16, Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3.

SIR,—The calls upon people's purses on behalf of their own suffering countrymen are so great and incessant that I should hesitate to ask you to have the goodness to insert this appeal had it not been brought to light that a number of persons have subscribed, and are subscribing, large sums to ameliorate the condition of German and other alien enemies in this country—prisoners and otherwise. I exclude the Germans whose names appear on the list of subscribers for this purpose, who cannot be blamed for wishing to help their own countryfolk; but with the others it is a perversion of the charitable instinct to subscribe money for their bitter enemies, who are uniformly well treated, while their own people and their allies who are prisoners in Germany are treated with every species of torture and barbarity, and would be starved were it not for the parcels of food sent to them by their friends.

As a member of the Alliance Franco-Britannique it has come to my notice that a society has been established in Paris, under the presidency of M. Leon Bourgeois and M. Maurice Donnay, for the relief of the tens of thousands of the gallant soldiers of our glorious Ally, France, who have been blinded in the war and rendered incapable of earning their livelihood. The merits of the case need no words of mine to explain. I shall be only too glad to receive any subscriptions for the purpose of relieving these poor victims of a war wickedly forced upon France as well as on ourselves by Germany.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER, Major-General,
President of the Alliance Franco-Britannique.

"THE CHEAPJACK IN RELIGION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—All the books of Mr. Wells that I have read seem to me vehement denials of the existence of God. They are based upon the assumption that there is no divine government of any sort in the world, and that it rests with man alone to bring order out of chaos. The Christian hypothesis is either flouted or ignored, brushed on one side as a thing no longer of account amongst intelligent men. Without reference to his numerous works of fiction I am content to rely upon two of the serious works of Mr. Wells: "Anticipations" and "The World Set Free". Neither of these books could have been written by a man who believes in God, that is to say if one uses the term "God" to imply a divine Being or Intelligence who interests Himself or Itself in men and women. Here is one passage: "These men were praying to their fellow creatures as once they prayed to God! The last thing that men will realise about anything is that it is inanimate. They had transferred their animation to mankind. They still believed there was intelligence somewhere, even if it was careless or malignant. . . . And I saw, too, that as yet *there was no such intelligence*". The italics are Mr. Wells's.

YOUR REVIEWER.

MINISTRY OF LABOUR EMPLOYMENT
EXCHANGES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Barton Manor, Hereford,

15 May 1917.

SIR,—As an old civil servant may I endorse in your columns the open letter addressed by Bishop Frodsham of Gloucester Cathedral to the Minister of Labour, printed in your current issue. The essence of the Bishop's letter in upholding the gradually improving Labour Exchanges is to warn us that the present public mistrust of similar organisations (under the Home Office, Ministry of Munitions, and National Service Department) is occasioned by these bodies fighting one against another, to the detriment

of the nation, misery of would-be workers, provoking industrial disorganisation, which if persisted in to the end of hostilities will be the cause of a revolution in this kingdom; and in calling into being a National Service Department invested with enormous power, and superimposing it upon Mr. Hodge's Labour Ministry the Government has virtually laid itself out to the charge of "scrapping the good for the untried".

Personally after half a year's trial I should feel inclined to use a stronger term than that, but am averse from destructive criticism. Yet in order to construct it is necessary to destroy sometimes, in order to clear a way at all.

The real finding of work for other people and their allocation is not an every morning's office pastime. It cannot be undertaken by a leisured class in any sense as is voluntary service on the bench or honorary municipal work. Yet that is what has been attempted in the appointments of N.S. Commissioners. To a student of the ethics of employment with an unwearied eye for the temperaments of mistress and maid, master and man, it does not seem possible to erect lightheartedly a St. Ermins, as has been done, stage staffed and new to the job and ever expect it to cope seriously with the results of its own idiotic shower of forms printed in pachydermatous complacency of meeting any and every exigency of the volunteers it has called into being—and deluded most cruelly. Why garner in clergy, college, schoolmasters, solicitors, et hoc genus omne, when in reality clerical and professional appointments are quite "hung up" now? I protest against such cruel methods.

It has been my lot to follow its course from inception, and to note at St. Ermins, and from the mouths of its own Commissioners—some of whom have confided to me their real reasons for resigning—that its rash experiment of enrolling all the pseudo dociles of art and letters, while reaching the uttermost bourn of patriotic bathos, also cruelly raises false hopes by conjuring them from every wall to enrol as volunteers—for what? Nothing!

A long Colonial life fits one for many things. In my own case the N.S.D. have a volunteer of that kind, an ex-servant of British Governments in Africa, Australasia, and England, shown on its records at St. Ermins as an ex-Cape Mounted Rifleman and Resident Magistrate, yet one able to plough or teach ploughing, to quarry and undertake opencast stone-getting, all work which its forms tell the world volunteers are specially wanted for. Not the least good! To the English amateur mind, "once an official always one". Beyond amassing sheaves of letters from its officials in London, Chiswick, Cheltenham, Stroud, Bristol, Gloucester, Redditch and this city, either "passing me on" or informing me that they "would keep my name before them"—detestable phrase—nothing else has been done, and why? Because under a system solely carried on from an office table nothing can be done. Ex nihilo nil fit.

Bishop Frodsham concludes by saying such amateur departmentalism will later occasion terrible suffering, and widespread industrial disorganisation ensuing, may become "the flash-point of a revolution, which is not so improbable in this country as many may think."

Yours, etc.,

H. ARTHUR BROOME
(N.S. Volunteer No. 5065).

BUILDING FROM BELOW.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the days before us we shall be wise to bring home to those who are to have a vote that it will be a privilege which is to be used, and that the neglect of its use will not be tolerated. Much of the evil we are passing through is the result of the apathy of good easy men who have failed to grip the idea that an individual vote possessed importance, and that their daily occupation as principal or servant was the only thing that mattered in the round of life. I am convinced that the State must

henceforth demand that the vote shall be used. It will take time for men and women to learn to discriminate and to judge wisely in their choice, but the ultimate method of eliminating the grafter, the crank, and the incompetent representative will evolve from the enforced attention which must be given to elections, whether for local work or for Parliament. Nothing but the imposition of a monetary penalty will compel many people to use their votes for elections of Guardians of the Poor and for Parliament too. The neglect of this duty costs the country millions of money. Instead of social distinction following on service, the man who takes up parochial or municipal work is regarded as of no importance—in fact, a cynical public looks askance on him. He is classed as belonging to the shopkeepers and profitmongers, whose reward is found in obtaining contracts and employment for themselves and their friends as occasion may offer.

Let each of your qualified readers ask himself how often he has troubled to register his vote for municipal and parochial elections. Hundreds of thousands of electors fail to declare their votes at Parliamentary elections. A fine of £2 for neglecting to vote would have an electrical effect, and following on this would come the inevitable enquiry as to the candidate to vote for. The mere starting of thought on this subject would lead to improvement and the ultimate selection of a better type of representative. It is on such lines that a new building up must come. The new voters must be taught from the start that a vote is a live thing, the outward form of the invisible power and the capillary of force that connects the individual with the executive of the State.

Your obedient servant,
HANOVER SQUARE.

DOGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16, Dagenham Road,
Rusholme, Manchester.

24 May 1917.

SIR,—Dogs, if kept at all, have a moral right to be cared for properly, and I maintain strongly that we have no just and moral right to exterminate and destroy them in a general and wholesale manner. As you have said truly, our dogs are the friends of man, and, I may add, are frequently our useful helpers and servants in a number of ways.

There is in the country generally a sad and lamentable increase of cruelty to children, and I believe also a large increase of despicable cruelty to dogs, cats, and horses.

Those who ill-treat dogs and other dumb animals may be quite sure that one day—which may not be far distant, but rather very near and imminent—their sin will find them out, if not repented of before just judgment falls on them, either in time or in eternity.

According to Psalm 104, concluding verses, it appears, as some Church Fathers and eminent divines have held, there is to be a resurrection of animals, along with, or in addition to, the resurrection of men.

These poor dumb creatures, having been raised from the dead, and having regained the power of speech, lost by the fall of men and animals, will with one accord give evidence and bear witness, it may, I think, be expected, against those who have ill-treated them before the Divine and all-righteous and eternal sentence is passed on them.

Yours faithfully,
(REV.) WILLIAM WILSON.

[Will "G", who lately addressed a letter on Dalmatia to the SATURDAY REVIEW, kindly send his full name and address to the Editor? The rule of the SATURDAY REVIEW is not to print letters unless the name of the writer is enclosed, though not necessarily for publication.]

REVIEWS.

FOR THE ALLIES.

"The Gods in the Battle." By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson. Translated from the French by Lady Frazer. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.

"For France (C'est pour La France): Some English Impressions of the French Front." Written by Captain A. J. Dawson. Drawn by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather. Same publishers. 3s. 6d. net.

THE Gods in the Battle" is a rendering of "Etes vous-neutres devant le crime?" It is a denunciation of those who side with Germany or do not take part against her by one who bears a name well known for eloquence. M. Loyson is the son of Père Hyacinthe, who was famous as a preacher in England as well as France, and he has clearly inherited the gifts of independence and oratory. Lady Frazer, with a perfect command both of French and English, and a great enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies, proves an excellent introducer and a translator who does full justice to her text. She has done her work for love, and the author's fees for the right of translation have gone to the British Red Cross Fund.

M. Loyson, the visionary and pacifist of yesterday, is the impassioned worker for the Allied cause to-day. No Englishman could have written this book, but we must get our insular minds to realise that there is more than one way of doing a thing. The popular style of to-day in England rather tends to telegraphese than to sustained efforts of argument, irony, and rhetoric. Here we find in five pages concerning Hate two full-stops only and a row of stately semicolons that pause only for a moment while the indictment gathers strength for a new clause. That, we think, is overdoing it. Yet it is clear that M. Loyson is no maker of artificial rhetoric. He is burning sincerely; he is above all petty, personal differences; his irony and imagination are vivid because his emotions are so strongly moved by the terrible truths of the war. He deals with truth, not prejudice. He expressly states that he will be glad to have corrections, even from an enemy, if anywhere he has slipped.

Before the war he was one of the most vigorous supporters of democracy and international peace and of a friendly understanding with Germany. What he thinks of her now may be seen from the damning collection of German dicta which forms one of the prefaces to his "Open Letters", and his examination of the position of M. Romain Rolland. M. Rolland is not the only friend that he has to attack and confute. He writes as one on familiar terms with Miss Hobhouse and Dr. Paul Carus, and he addresses Herbert Eulenberg thus:

"In what incredible company do I meet you again, my colleague! All that gammon under your signature, you the most alert of all the adherents of 'Young Germany'! All this baseness under your pledge, you the most generous of poets!"

This is, indeed, the strength of M. Loyson's position; he has evidently tried to understand those whom he has to condemn, and they were associated with him in former days. What is it that has made all the difference? A "scrap of paper". The unspeakable crimes called up by the single word "Belgium" have to be tolerated, explained, glossed with careful lies by the sort of people who are addressed in these letters. How do they manage it? Have they forgotten their old selves? The irony which M. Loyson uses to explain this is even more formidable than his invective. His independence is notable: he attacks the anonymity of the author of "J'Accuse". He declares that this book as a moral force is worthless, and that "the underhand way in which it has been placed before the public cannot fail in some measure to damage the author's character, and at the same time his authority".

M. Loyson fortifies his statements throughout with

notes and references, especially regarding the case of M. Rolland, a neutral Frenchman retired to Switzerland, a Nobel Prizeman with a clique of admiring disciples and a gift of fine writing.

M. Rolland, on the evidence here set out at length, with a list in facsimile of the members of the "Neues Vaterland" League, is clearly convicted of dodging and paltering. His admirers, including a lady "who is extremely Syndicalist, and withal of most pleasing appearance", have done wonders, but the Nobel Prizeman of 1916, whatever else he may be, has lost his title to be a great French author.

Captain Dawson's "For France" presents his impressions of the French front, and deals less with actual fighting than his earlier stories of our own men on the Somme. Rather he has attempted—wisely, we think—to show the spirit of the French army as a whole and the admirable arrangements which make it so efficient a machine. Yet the machine would be of little worth, as he insists, without the splendid valour and universal spirit of gaiety and sacrifice behind it. The Germans can make a war machine against anybody, but they cannot make the qualities of the French soldier. Captain Dawson takes the case of Paul Dupont, a typical French grocer, and shows what the war has made of him. He shows, too, what a domestic affair the French army is with an immense daily mail bag. "There are comparatively few soldiers in the lines who do not write and receive one letter every day." The pleasures of home and the refinements of art are preserved in an extraordinary way in the midst of the battle. And Paris is now the good wife and mother, not "the sparkling pleasure companion". Some of the best soldiers are the "Joyeux", a battalion whose rank and file is recruited entirely from convicted criminals. Many of them are magnificent soldiers. The chapter on the war dogs is capital, as might be expected, since the author is an expert in that line. "Verdun", that glory of invincible France, is beyond most pens, but there are vivid touches here concerning the great theatre of desolation and valour. What is not generally realised is the wonderful precision of the French, alike in movement and defence. It is determination which is never idly wasted and which is wonderfully free from melancholy or depression. If the war has taught us one thing, it is that the French gaiety does not mean triviality or the French sense of art indifference to vital business.

Captain Bairnsfather has made an effort to restrain his gift for comic types of a special English kind, and his best pictures are better, we think, than his English caricatures.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT.

"London Nights of Belsize." By Vernon Rendall. Lane. 6s.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Vernon Rendall is under obvious obligations, which he does not fail to acknowledge, to Robert Louis Stevenson and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for the form of his entertaining story-book, the main idea of his character being taken from the "New Arabian Nights" and the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes", he has a wit and originality of his own. His book is ingenious, imaginative, whimsical. Conceived on popular lines, it is written with the fastidious taste of a scholar. Mr. Rendall appreciates to the full the joy of classical allusions, and his book abounds in them. They crop up in the most unexpected fashion and places and give a distinctive flavour to his lightest pages.

"Anyone in this placid country can make two and two into four. A man of real ability ought to amuse himself by making two and two into five and risking his life meanwhile." Mr. Rendall's Belsize is just such a man, and in his efforts to make two and two into five he ties himself up into many tight knots from which he invariably extricates himself triumphantly with the aid of his man Smith, ex-pugilist and thief. Belsize, young, debonair, enterprising, and curious—

an unusual mixture of scholar and man of the world—is able to gratify his taste for adventure through the generosity of a rich uncle who has made a big fortune as a silk merchant in the East. This uncle is a delightful person, and we regret that we hear so little of him, for after the first chapter, in which he gives his nephew much excellent, if somewhat cynical, advice, he goes back to the East, "where wise men live", to the company of a Guru. As a parting present he gives his nephew a revolver wrapped in rice paper with a Chinese inscription, "Patience and a mulberry leaf will make a silk gown".

Obedient to his behests, Belsize makes up his mind to see the world, "to wander through the streets and note the qualities of the people". He seeks adventures in the spirit of good Haroun al-Raschid, and he finds them in plenty. There is something of the detective in him with his zeal for detail, and he has a surprising method of dealing successfully with criminals into whose company he gains access by a number of ingenious methods. But, excellent as he is in dangerous and difficult enterprises of the Sherlock Holmes order, we prefer him in his more fantastic adventures as manager of the "Happy Shop", stocked with happiness and with tortoises (but the tortoises are out of stock), or when "eliminating" from his club that tedious person Mollinson, whose sole exploit consisted in the exploiting of others. Mr. Rendall has a pretty taste in titles, as may be gathered by his chapter headings such as "The One-eyed Mendicant" and "Lacing Boots in a Melon-field". "The man who laces his boots in a melon-field is open to suspicion." That was one of the maxims of Belsize's uncle, who made a huge fortune by seeing into other men's minds.

We hope we have not heard the last of Belsize's adventures, and that we may yet learn what befell him in "Mingrelia", whither at the close of the book he is setting forth, with directions to his man to pack for him his large Horace and the three volumes of Balzac's "Illusions Perdues".

THE SORROWS OF THE SHY.

"Apologia Diffidentis." By W. Compton Leith. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

SHYNESS is a quality that may sometimes be engaging and pleasant in the very young, amongst whom, in these days at any rate, it is seldom to be found, but it is distinctly tiresome and boring in the bearded and the bald. It destroys the amenities of life and makes for awkwardness and bad manners. It may arise from a multitude of causes, physical and mental. Some of these are amenable to medical treatment, others are to be cured only by severe mental discipline and by rubbing shoulders with the world. The shy man who seeks solace in solitude is lost. And, just as there are many causes of shyness, so has it also a variety of manifestations. The ordinary symptoms—a shrinking and diffident manner, a difficulty of speech, a tendency to blush—are readily recognised. But other forms which reveal themselves in brusquerie, bombast, or extraordinary loquacity are not so easily understood. Many men of ultra-sensitive nature hide their quivering susceptibilities from the world under a mask of coldness and aloofness. They frequently get the reputation of being hard and reserved when really they are nothing of the kind. Shyness is often the result of a lack of capacity to adapt oneself to one's environment. Anything new, untried, strange, arouses a sense of discomfort that is akin to terror.

It is a mistake to suppose that shyness is a sign of stupidity. On the contrary, it implies as a rule quickness and alertness of intellect. Nearly all men of acute sensibility, the highly-strung nervous men who "do" things, are shy however skilfully they succeed in disguising the fact from the superficial onlooker.

Mr. Compton Leith's book is the confession of an ultra-shy man who has allowed his malady to become a morbid obsession with him. It is rather a

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"precious" production, perhaps a little too picturesque and over-elaborated to ring true. The author has a nice sense of the value of words, but sometimes his overlaid language gives an impression of artifice and insincerity. He paints a painful picture of the sorrows of the shy who, surrounded by all opportunities of wholesome fellowship, endowed with natural faculties for enjoyment, are "yet repressed and thwarted at every turn by invincible self-consciousness and mistrust." The shy man is abroad in a world from which every hope of intimacy is banished, for "the world will sanction no other treatment than banter or mockery which does but infuse yet more deeply the mournful dye. When this fails it leaves its victims to the desolation which according to its judgment they have wilfully chosen." And the tragedy of the shy man is that he so frequently longs for human society but is constitutionally unable to face it.

All who have suffered from any form of shyness, even those who have conquered it, will find in this book a realistic presentation of their sensations. They may find in it, too, a certain measure of comfort and consolation. Apart from its subject-matter, as a literary exercise it is excellent reading.

*** We are obliged for lack of space to hold over till next week notices of the magazines and other monthlies.*

INSURANCE.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.

DEPENDING for support upon friendly recommendations and such publicity as can be obtained without the services of paid agents, the London Life Association competes for new business on manifestly inequitable terms, and at times when ordinary life assurance business is scarce the innate difficulties of management are undoubtedly increased. In recent years, however, the administration of affairs has been marked by exceptional ability and enterprise, and the merits of the office have now become too widely known to admit of much possibility of another period of stagnation occurring. In this respect the report for 1916 is most encouraging. Under the influence of the shadows cast by war much new business was lost in 1915, only 329 new assurances for £502,910, with relative new premiums of £24,676 annual and £8,070 single, being completed and retained, compared with 438 for £814,958, and premiums of £34,984 and £8,238 respectively, in the preceding year. The decrease which took place in the second year of hostilities was therefore considerable, and it was reflected in a slower growth of the premium income which, having expanded from £404,075 in 1913 to £430,512 in 1914, further rose to £441,288 in the period referred to. Last year, however, a very distinct recovery was made, 530 policies for £791,030, producing a renewal premium of £38,272 and single premiums of £3,521, being reported as the net output. The result of this unqualified success in a period of exceptional difficulty was an increase to £460,135 in the amount of the total premiums, accompanied by an addition of £52,999 to the life funds, which stood at £5,469,008 on 31st December last, after £100,449 had been written off the value of securities.

Before ledger values had been lowered the funds showed an increase of £153,448, but the expansion of the life assurance fund alone must have been considerably less seeing that £44,533 was received as consideration for annuity bond sold, and only £8,502 was paid to annuitants. Moreover, interest must have been earned on the annuity capital existing on 31st December 1915, and it may therefore be conjectured that something like £116,000 was actually added to the assurance fund before revaluation differences had been deducted. The prosperity of the business in 1916 is consequently indisputable, and the annual valuation disclosed a surplus of £53,187—£45,581 in

the reduction of premium and general funds, and of £7,606 in the reversionary bonus fund—with the result that it was found possible to make an all-round increase of one in the rates of reduction, which for the year beginning 1st July next we range from 123 per cent. for the first series to 53 per cent. for the eleventh series; to maintain the reversionary bonus at the same rate as before—namely, 30s. per cent. on sums assured and existing bonuses; and, thirdly, to carry forward an unappropriated balance of £40,659, compared with one of £28,848 brought forward from the previous year. This balance, by the way, is almost identical with the amount required to increase the reductions by one and to declare reversionary bonuses at the high rate just mentioned.

The present financial condition of the association is therefore exceptionally strong, much stronger indeed than it was in 1913, when, after securities had been written down, there was a balance of about £3,492 left over. At the end of 1912 again the "unappropriated", as the balance is called, was only £1,956, and in most previous years it was greatly less than £20,000. Moreover, an examination of the recent accounts discloses much evidence pointing to the conclusion that the business of this old mutual society is likely to become more profitable in the near future. Mortality, interest, expenses, and the value of securities are the four chief factors to consider. In 1913 the death claims amounted to £274,065, and a profit of £92,854 was realised; in 1914 the respective amounts were £283,112 and £53,457; in 1915, £298,916 and £75,650; and in 1916, £280,141 and £97,083. Mortality profits had therefore remained exceedingly liberal, although war claims had involved the association in a net loss of about £67,600 up to 31st December last. In the case of the net interest earnings there has, of course, been a considerable falling off since 1913. Income tax absorbed £13,773 in that year, and £48,683, or 47.79 per cent. of the surplus actually earned, in 1916, and the natural consequence was a contraction to £3 15s. 2d. per cent. in the net rate. As the valuation is made with 3 per cent. assumed interest, the excess earned and available as surplus must have exceeded $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. last year, and this margin on the right side may be expected to steadily broaden now that important changes have been made in the investments.

Expenses in the case of the London Life scarcely call for notice, as the association operates its business at a lower cost than any other life office. I may, however, be stated that the working charges in 1916, although somewhat swollen by the extra volume of new business transacted, only represented 4.52 per cent. of the premiums, and compared with 4.59 per cent. for 1913, when the assurances were on a less important scale. Profits from this source may therefore be relied upon to continue undiminished, and it is certain that at the end of last year full provision had been made for all depreciation then existing; indeed, the difference between market and ledger values is stated in the report to have been "much more than covered by the reserve of £100,000 and the remaining war reserve of £200,000". Since then high-class securities have generally appreciated, and at the present time there is probably a latent reserve worth consideration.

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The expenditure is now about £1,000 a week, and it asks for financial support from the general public.

We are giving Medical and Nursing Help in a considerable number of our Stations, accompanied by the provision of shelter for the Homeless, clothing and household requisites in the new wood huts we are building in France, the timber for which is provided by the FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

We are supplying help to restart the Farming Industry with necessary seeds and farming implements in localities devastated by battle, where farms have been utterly destroyed.

In Holland we have provided shelter and help in a variety of ways, as well as occupation for the refugees from Belgium, who are located there.

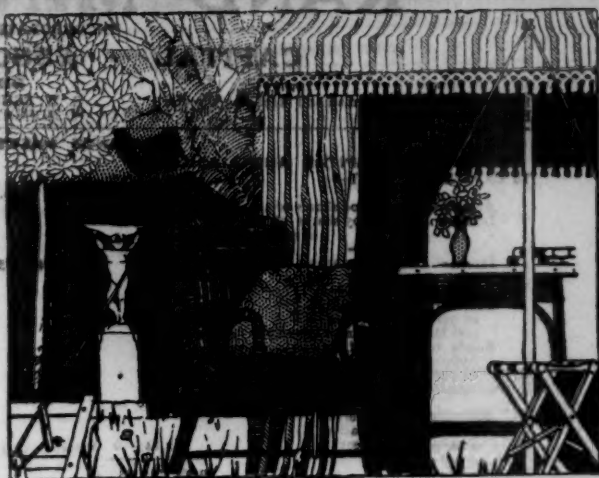
In Russia we have established Relief Centres, where clothing and other necessities are distributed, and where industries, including spinning, weaving, and knitting are organised for the benefit of the destitute people who have no one else to help them.

WE ASK THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE PUBLIC IN THIS WORK OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE

Contributions may be sent to Miss A. RUTH FRY, the Honorary Secretary to the War Victims' Relief Committee at the office at

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The Saturday Review.

RAND MINES, LIMITED—contd.

CONDENSED PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1916.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To ADMINISTRATION EXPENSES—										
Salaries and rents, Johannesburg and London	8,977	10	6							
Directors', Foreign Agents', and Auditors' fees	5,437	9	8							
Stationery, printing, advertising, postages and telegrams	3,430	1	11							
Legal expenses	133	13	11							
Sundry donations	4,636	14	9							
Sundry general expenses	2,262	6	7							
				25,897	17	4				
" GOVERNMENT TAXES				2,013	2	0				
" DEPRECIATION—										
Written off Farm and House Properties ..				374	3	0				
" BALANCE—										
Profit for the year carried to Appropriation Account				953,180	17	1				
				£981,667	19	5				
								£981,667	19	5

By DIVIDENDS ON SHAREHOLDINGS ..	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
" RESERVOIRS										
Net revenue	28,090	10	8							
" INTEREST AND EXCHANGE	25,819	19	6							
" SUNDRY REVENUE	16,502	11	9							
							70,413	1	11	
" SHARES REALISATION—										
Proceeds of shares sold, less book value ..							98,631	6	3	

APPROPRIATION ACCOUNT.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To RESERVE ACCOUNT—										
Funds appropriated for Investment for year ending 31st December, 1916	142,245	0	5							
" DIVIDEND ACCOUNT—										
Interim Dividend No. 26 of 75 per cent., declared 13th June, 1916	398,624	1	3							
Interim Dividend No. 27 of 75 per cent., declared 15th December, 1916	398,624	1	3							
				797,248	2	6				
" BALANCE UNAPPROPRIATED—										
Carried to Balance Sheet				334,091	8	2				
				£1,273,584	11	1				
								£1,273,584	11	1

S. C. STEIL, Secretary.

Johannesburg,
10th April, 1917.E. A. WALLERS, Chairman and Managing Director.
E. RENAUD, Director.
C. L. ANDERSSON & CO.
DOUGLAS, LOW & CO.
(Incorporated Accountants) } Auditors.

THE FULL REPORT AND ACCOUNTS MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE LONDON SECRETARIES, A. MOIR & CO., No. 1, London Wall Buildings, E.C.2.

CALLENDER'S CABLE.

PRESIDING at the Meeting of Callender's Cable and Construction Co., Ltd., on Thursday, Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Bt., M.P., said:—That their buildings and plant had been extended, both at the Anchor Works, in Lancashire, and at the works at Erith. A large quantity of new and improved machinery had been installed at both places, and the buildings very considerably increased, and they were now constructing practically a new works upon freehold land, purchased with foresight years ago in excess of the actual requirements of the time.

Referring to the balance-sheet, the Chairman pointed out that bills payable were £75,000 less than a year ago, reflecting the shrinkage of commercial trade already referred to. The trade creditors and other liabilities were some £150,000 more than a year ago, being a reflection of the change in the direction of higher prices. On the other side of the account, depreciation, £17,000 was £7,000 more than a year ago, and was a very moderate assessment for the extra depreciation that had occurred for the reasons previously mentioned. Cable drums, contract plant, etc., stood at £36,917, or £4,000 less than a year ago, due to depreciation of particular items which had been put to extra service. The year's profits were £190,000, as compared with £177,000 for 1915, or an increase of £13,000, which was a very moderate increase in profit when consideration was given to the extra output and the trouble and labour required to earn it. The Board recommended a dividend which, with bonus and special bonus, amounted to 20 per cent. per annum, and if that recommendation were acted upon there would remain a balance of £240,000 to be carried forward. The sum to be distributed was £35,000, or just one seventh of the amount carried forward. In other words, the latter was equivalent to a 20 per cent. dividend for seven succeeding years. They did not promise such a distribution; the future was very doubtful in regard to every commercial enterprise, but it was a very fair and very satisfactory opening for the accounts for the new year. He thought it would be agreed that the results were encouraging, and they had not been attained by any "profiteering". They had not been paid excessive prices; they had made no unfair market out of the needs of the nation. They had changed their form of manufacture at the bidding of the State, which they had served for a reasonable and moderate remuneration. The profits exhibited no sensational increase. They were honest profits, largely based upon the accumulated savings of past years. To anyone who said that 20 per cent. seemed a high return, the answer was that it had been earned, not alone in the year just closed, but was the result of the thrift, the savings, and accumulations of many past years.

Mr. T. O. Callender, managing director, in seconding the motion, said no company had had more confidential or more important work entrusted to it than Callender's, and they had done their best—he believed successfully—to carry it through. It was probable this company would have larger and greater work to do in the future at the end of the war.

The report was adopted.

MALACCA RUBBER.

PRESIDING at the Meeting of the Malacca Rubber Plantations, held on Thursday, Mr. George B. Dodwell said:—That the estate expenditure for the year under review had amounted to £184,870, or an increase of £10,346. The increase in crop for the year, however, amounted to 86,497 lbs., and the net result was that the cost f.o.b. had gone up from 11'8ad. per lb. in 1915 to 1s. 0'2ad. The slight increase was entirely attributable to circumstances caused by the state of war and the general increase in cost both of labour and material, and he thought they might reasonably congratulate themselves upon the fact that the increase was trifling. The all-in cost of 1s. 2'0yd. per lb. showed a small decrease upon last year's figure of 1s. 2'12d., and must be considered as highly satisfactory. It was in part due to the policy of selling large quantities of rubber f.o.b. Singapore, which relieved the portion of the crop so sold of heavy charges for freight and insurance. Selling prices averaged at less than last year, the figures having been 2s. 5'0gd. per lb. for 1916, as against 2s. 6'91d. for the previous year. They had, however, sold forward about one-fourth of the crop on f.o.b. terms, thus eliminating freight, insurance and London charges, a fact which made a considerable difference. During the year they had had the pleasure of seeing the debenture indebtedness of the company reduced to less than one half of the original amount of the issue, and there would be a further reduction during the course of the present year. The carry forward, after allowing for a final dividend of 35 per cent. and the very heavy income tax thereon, was £58,961. That was a considerable sum, but in the opinion of the Board not a larger one than, in the present uncertain condition of affairs, prudence dictated. As to the conditions on the estates, the labour position was still far from satisfactory, although there had been some slight improvement during the year. There was still a marked shortage, but for which the output would have been materially larger. Every effort was being made to secure fresh supplies of coolies, and unless the labour position got worse their estimate for the current year of 4,000,000 lbs. should comfortably be obtained. Up to the end of April they had harvested 1,226,050 lbs., an increase of 291,150 lbs. over the corresponding period of 1916, and appearances suggested that the year's estimate would be realised. For the rest, there did not appear to be any other circumstances connected with the planting position which gave rise to anxiety, the various estates appeared one and all to be improving. A considerable amount of thinning out had been done, and a good deal more would have been done had the necessary labour been available. For the present year they had made sales f.o.b. Singapore of approximately one-fifth of their estimated crop at prices averaging 2s. 4d. per lb. It was, they thought, prudent to make one's position reasonably sure by forward sales which showed a handsome margin of profit.

The report was adopted.

NORWICH UNION LIFE.

THE 100th Annual General Meeting of the Norwich Union Life Assurance Society was held on May 23rd last, Mr. Haynes S. Robinson presiding.

The Chairman said:—I venture to think I am entitled fairly to claim that, all round, the accounts are among the best we have ever had the satisfaction of submitting to you, even in pre-war days. That I know is a big claim to make, and in order to establish it fully, it is incumbent on me to ask, and to answer quite conclusively, the following questions which seem to cover the whole range of prosperity, or otherwise, that a life office is capable of, and which I detail not by any means necessarily in order of importance:

(1) Has our new business at least fairly well stood the strain of war conditions?

(2) Has it been secured, and have our affairs generally been administered, at a reasonable cost?

(3) Have we earned on our funds a fairly substantial margin of interest in excess of the rate assumed in our calculation of reserves?

(4) Has the value of our invested funds shrunk to any considerable extent since our last revision?

(5) Has our mortality experience for the year been satisfactory, taking into account the inevitable incidence of war claims?

As regards new business, you will see that after deduction of re-assurances we completed over three and a half millions—an amount appreciably in excess even of our excellent results for 1915. The figures are a splendid testimony to the organising powers and unceasing toil and devotion of the officials and agents who have produced them. On the question of cost I need not say more than that our expense ratio worked out at 12·65 per cent.—a thoroughly conservative rate, looking to the fact that, through prosperity in the direction of new business, our new premiums represent the substantial percentage of 10 per cent. of our total premium income, and that the work of a quinquennial valuation always entails extra expense. As regards my third question, the reply I think you will find specially convincing. We have earned on our funds of, roughly, £14,000,000 the satisfactory net rate of £4 1s. 9d. per cent., after deduction of the all-important item of income-tax, which, by the way, showed an increase of fully £25,000 over the corresponding item for 1915. The rate assumed in the calculation of the Norwich Union reserves is, as you know, only 2½ per cent., in which connection it is of interest to note that there are now only five of the life offices (all of them British) which face that conservative test, in addition to which, as you will recollect, we hold a special war-time reserve of just on £400,000. As regards the question of capital shrinkage under war conditions, I am happy to say that revaluation at the market prices of December 31st showed a war shrinkage of only £47,000 since our full revaluation six months earlier. Our mortality record for the year was very satisfactory. The total of claims actually falls short of that of 1915, which, you will recollect, we had reason to congratulate ourselves on a year ago. Our usual mortality investigation shows that the figures, including war claims of £132,000, represent only 84 per cent. of what was to be expected; but for the inevitable item of war claims, the record obviously would have been a very remarkable one—namely 65 per cent. of expectation.

I have now dealt with the five questions I set myself the task of answering, and I leave it to you to say whether I have been justified in speaking so confidently regarding our work in a most anxious year. Briefly, our 1916 record may be summed up thus—a new business appreciably greater than our excellent record of 1915, and very substantially in excess of that of any other home office not transacting industrial business; cost of management on the most conservative basis consistent with full efficiency; a very notable excess interest earning on funds; good fortune in the matter of war shrinkage of capital values; and a highly favourable mortality experience in spite of war claims.

In conclusion, I need hardly say we have during 1916, and perhaps even more notably in the early months of 1917, had the satisfaction of doing everything in our power to support the financial arrangements of the Treasury—by sale and loan of securities and by direct subscription to War Loan. Though we are dealing with our 1916 accounts, and I am therefore not strictly in order in referring to 1917, the best indication perhaps that I can give you in this connection is that our new money subscription to the recent War Loan was the very substantial figure of £1,700,000.

The report was adopted.

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